# CHICAGO LEDGER

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## CERBERUS GUARDS

## THE STIR

An Unusual Prison Story

By HOWARD PHILIP RHOADES

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Beginning **RILL O'THE RIVER**

By Besse Toulouse Sprague.

A Serial That Will Hold Every Woman

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# CHICAGO LEDGER

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## Little Odd Story of the Week--No. 7

# Who Said Luck?

## by Wilson Greer

FOR as far back as Brown could remember he had had one egregious fault—that was the fault of being superstitious.

He could remember countless times that he had been out walking with Mrs. Brown and had stooped to pick up stray pins from the sidewalk. The only result ever achieved, however, had been the drawing down of her wifely displeasure on his own head.

As for ladders—well—sooner would he have jumped off the State street bridge into the murky depths of the Chicago River than to have walked under one.

And cats? He was still able to conjure up chills whenever he thought of the evening that Jones' black cat had casually crossed the street in front of him.

So in view of these things, it was hardly surprising that Brown, on his way to work in the silk department at "Cuttem & Co., Dry Goods," on the memorable Friday morning, should have paused to stare at the bright 1914 penny that lay on the sidewalk in front of him. He had heard too many tales already of people who had met with "wonderful runs of luck after finding a coin on the street and keeping it for a talisman. Naturally then, he bent over, fumbled with his fingers for a moment on the pavement and secured the copper cent for himself.

When he stood erect again his eyes were greeted with definite proof that his "streak of good fortune" had already begun.

Along the sidewalk, ten feet ahead of him, an avalanche of bricks and pieces of mortar, dislodged by the high wind from the insecure cornice-work of the next building, was raining with loud crashes.

Brown clutched the penny still tighter in his right hand and felt his head with the other to assure himself that it was still intact. Vaguely, he wondered what hospital he would have been taken to had he not delayed long enough to pick up the coveted coin when his glance had first fallen upon it. Then, slipping it into his vest-pocket, he hurried on to "Cuttem & Co.'s."

The following week Brown took a very tiny "flyer" in that most fluctuating commodity, wheat. Not greatly unlike the heart of a nervous woman who hears the broom fall over on the back porch near midnight, the price of wheat made a sudden startling jump. When Brown finished telephoning his broker to sell, he relaxed his cramped right hand in which the singular penny had been clasped for the last two hours. After that, nothing short of a fortune could have purchased it from him.

Now Brown had a very good reason for wishing to be on good terms with the Blind Goddess. His present family, consisting of himself and Mrs. Brown, was very soon to become composed of three members instead of two. And since long-continued association with things feminine at "Cuttem & Co.'s" had made it the dream of life to have a son, he felt that if the coming burden of the stork should prove to be a girl, then life, for him, from then on must be one long cheerless existence.

So, when the day arrived on which the Great Event was expected to occur, Brown's mental condition was not such as to further the interests of "Cuttem & Co.'s" business. But the trained nurse hired for the occasion prevailed upon him to go down to the store, assuring him that should any important developments occur she would phone to his department.

Consequently, when at 10 o'clock in the morning old Cuttem's office boy approached him with a message "dat a loidy called up" and a "pass" signed by Cuttem himself, to leave the store, Brown seized his hat, clasped his lucky penny firmly in his right hand, and hurried to the door where he caught the first car passing the establishment.

As he got off at Chicago avenue with a transfer in his pocket to wait on the curb for the Chicago avenue car that would take him home, he discovered that it was beginning to rain; then he noticed with dismay that he still had on his elk-skin shoes that he wore at the store for comfort.

Now every one is aware of the fact that elk-skin soles and wet sidewalks present a combination in which the factor of friction is a neglible quantity. As a result of this scientific fact, Brown's center of gravity became suddenly displaced with reference to his pedal extremities, and, just as the Chicago avenue car drew up to the crossing, he found himself sprawling on the sidewalk on all fours, his hat in the gutter—and most terrible thing possible—the precious cent rolling down the street like a cartwheel propelled by His Satanic Majesty.

From his lowly position he watched its mad fight with fascination. Gayly it bounced over innumerable ridges in the sidewalk until it collided with an ash can. There it careened and rolled over in front of a newsboy who reached down and appropriated it for himself. Then Brown arose carefully and gradually to his feet and made his way painstakingly over to where the urchin stood.

"Boy," he said, "I lost a penny and you found it. There's a half dollar in it for you if you'll return it."

"Gee, Mister," answered the lad with avidity, "dat's a bargain. Pick her out." He opened a grimy fist displaying three copper cents.

For a second Brown was nonplussed. Then he studied each with care. At the conclusion of his inspection he turned pale.

The dates on all three were the same!

The lucky coin being indistinguishable from its fellows was lost to him forever.

At the great crisis of his life Fate must have decreed that he should have a daughter instead of a son!

THEN a bright idea struck him. Which was his own penny he had no way of knowing. But another way out of the difficulty still remained. In order to be sure of having the lucky one in his possession he would have to take them all.

He thrust a half dollar in the astounded boy's hand and seized the coppers. Then, since the Chicago avenue cars run only at intervals of a half hour and he had missed the last one, he hailed a passing cab and climbed in. After he had ridden several blocks he remembered that his new hat was still lying in the gutter at the scene of his precipitate tumble.

Reaching his house, he paid the cabby and dashed up the steps. The nurse met him at the door and conducted him to the parlor.

"What is it," he panted, "a boy or a girl?" He clutched the three coins in his right hand all the tighter—surely his "streak of luck" must be yet unbroken.

The nurse seemed to be holding back uncontrollable mirth. After what seemed to him to be an age, she answered him.

"The mother's doing fine, Mr. Brown, considering the unusual event that's taken place here. It's—it's—it's triplets—and all three of 'em are fine bouncing boys."

Brown sunk weakly into the nearest chair, his hands relaxed, and his coins dropped with a metallic jangle to the floor.

* * *

### He Bought Soldier Suits.

"DO YOU know what I did?" inquired the man with the long cigar. "I bought myself some underwear—soldier's underwear, without any buttons on it. *It's* great stuff! You pull the shirt on over your head, like a sweater."

"Good idea!" commented the man with the long, dark corncob pipe. "I'll have to get some of those myself. My underwear never has any buttons on it, anyway, so I might as well get the kind that isn't supposed to. That's a good way to avoid losing buttons—not to have any buttons to lose. It must make the laundryman sore when he gets hold of a garment and starts to rip the buttons off and finds that there are no buttons to rip. I'll bet a fizzle firecracker doesn't disappoint a small boy celebrating the Fourth of July any more than a buttonless undershirt disappoints a button-ripping laundryman. I'll bet the laundryman gets enough buttons in a year——"

"There is one trouble with the buttonless undershirt, tho," declared the man with the long, black cigar, "and that is the fact that you can't tell the back from the front. There is a difference, but that difference doesn't become apparent until after you have pulled the garment over your head, and the situation is a hard one to deal with at this juncture, because you have to take the thing completely off to make the change, and then there is no way of identifying the front again."

"That is tough," admitted the man with the dark corncob pipe. "But the situation can be met and overcome in this way. Have a tailor indicate with a chalk crossmark or other insignia which is front and which is back, just as he indicates how much stuff comes out of the collar or is added to the waistline when you are getting a suit altered.

"Or you could have some permanent marking on the front of the garment, such as a big embroidered 'F.' That would make you look like a college football player, a very decided advantage in underclothes. A man wearing a sweaterlike undershirt with a big letter on it would have a big advantage over a man attired merely in running togs.

"Clad in a football player's shirt, you can dash for the 5:20, scattering commuters hither and thither as you go, with a dozen or so of them picking themselves up in your wake, as you step aboard unscathed and unblown. That is some slight advantage, you must admit."

"I do admit it, and if you can't buy any of this buttonless underwear I'll sell you mine," said the other man.

* * *

### Financial Cupid.

SOME women never take an interest in a man until they find out how much principal he has.

* * *

### Roosters.

THE mayor of Montclair has been asked by the women's clubs to have a law passed preventing roosters from crowing before breakfast.

* * *


### A NEW OIL LAMP FREE

T. N. Johnson, 609 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill., the inventor of a wonderful new oil lamp that burns 94% air and beats gas or electricity, is offering to give one free to the first user in each locality who will help introduce it. Write him for particulars. Agents wanted.—Adv.

# MOVIELAND

## By Lillian Gish

## Millions Love Her

### HOW ONE GIRL BROKE IN

ABOUT two years ago, a young girl in Plainfield, N. J., used to amuse herself by writing to one of the fan magazines, and telling the editor what she thought of the movies in general and certain stars and pictures in particular, about the articles and interviews in his magazine—in fact, about most everything.

Her point of view was fresh and original. She knew the movies well, because, like many other girls, she had been a movie fan for a long time. And she believed in what I am always insisting on—that if the public doesn't like the kind of pictures being offered it, that opinion should be voiced, just as it should when good pictures are offered in the theaters.

About a year ago, that editor decided that it would interest his readers if he had this young girl go to the big Eastern studios and see pictures made, and meet all the stars whom she had so long seen and admired on the screen. So he had her come in from Plainfield and start on the rounds of the studios.

Her visits to the Eastern studios and the stars who were here in the East extended over all of this past year. I remember meeting her; she had tea with me at the Claridge, and she was so disappointed, when we walked along Broadway together, that every one we passed didn't recognize me. I was wearing a black lace veil, and being thankful that so few people did!

She met her favorite, Pearl White, and visited all the Eastern studios, went out on location—did all the things so many fans have dreamed of doing. Of course, she noticed things that those who are right in the midst of picture-making never think anything about. She went to the movies with Constance Binney, shopped with Elsie Ferguson for the gowns she wears in "Footlights," her latest picture, had luncheon with Mary Miles Minter, and watched Pearl White do a big emotional scene. She met Theda Bara at the Griffith studio, the same day she met Dick Barthelmess—they both just happened to drop in. She worked as an extra in a Bert Lytell picture, and later saw herself on the screen. And at the Vitagraph studio she had a screen test, in a little bit of action which she did with Corinne Griffith.

She always kept her own point of view, tho; she told the truth about pictures and people, and when she was disappointed in a star, she said so.

Now she is in California; she went just last week. And she is going to meet the stars out there—some of them, Mary Miles Minter and Constance Binney, she had already met here. Colleen Moore is planning a party for her, and she is to have a little part in a picture. Here in the East she had already seen the girls sitting in the waiting-rooms outside the casting directors' offices, and now she'll have a glimpse of those who have gone to Los Angeles to break in, for she's to live at the Studio Club, a club for girls who are supporting themselves and getting into the picture game.

She's having a tremendously interesting experience, of course, but the people in pictures who meet her are having a more interesting one. For we are always anxious to know what the world thinks of us; it is our business to please the public, and unless we know what the public wants, we can't do it. This young girl, Ethel Sands, has told us. And if more people could do what she has done, and would tell us what they really think—well, pictures would improve in a hurry!

**Next Week: Seeing Your Own Pictures.**

**EDITOR'S NOTE TO READERS:**

**Next week's article concludes this series of talks on the strange world of movieland by Miss Gish. Readers who would like to see them continued may write in to that effect, and if we find that sufficient of them wish more articles from Miss Gish's pen, we will arrange for them immediately. What are your wishes?**

## Foreword to You Who Read:

THREE classes of human beings are born into this world—three only.

The first class includes the folks who HAVE a chance, mentally, morally and physically to "make good," to be what the world calls successful.

The second class are the ones who haven't a chance, have NEVER HAD, can never HOPE to have.

The third class?

Well, they're the folks with "HALF a chance."

This story concerns three human beings, representative of these three classes.

In three separate corners of Iowa the story began. Like balls of thread which, falling to the floor, roll themselves into queer and devious tangles, so these threads of human destiny met in their reckless rolling.

And in this strange tangle they formed an odd triangle of crossed purposes and wrecked desires.

Then the weaver—we call him Society—snapped the thread of the one from out the pattern of life.

The others went on and on.

And the end is not yet.

Read.

# RILL O'THE RIVER

By Besse Toulouse Sprague

There Was a Strange Red Glare Before Rilletta's Eyes.

FATE, seated high on her jeweled throne, sighed.

She was weary—weary of the tiresome, stupid earth mortals who bored her—oh, almost to extinction. She sighed, a dainty perfumed sigh.

Then idly she shuffled over again for the thousandth time her deck of cards—those fragile bits of pasteboard upon which (let us fancy) capriciously Fate traces the lines of human destiny.

In her clumsy handling, two cards slipped from the pack.

Fate was provoked.

She snatched them to her.

Then, as an afterthought she examined them critically. The things Fate saw in the tracings of the cards must have pleased her. For she laughed.

"The Queen of Hearts."

The saucy, piquant face of a young girl peered up into Fate's own. Masses of black, jetty black hair, scintillated in shining curls about the girl's shoulders. Two black eyes, snappy with youthful enthusiasm and joy, smiled into the eyes of Fate.

"Yes, you're the Queen of Hearts," said Fate, "but a gypsy Queen of Hearts." Fate smiled to herself. "Who ever heard before of a black-headed Queen of Hearts?"

"The Jack of Clubs."

For Fate had shifted to the second card.

"I must be dreaming," the flippant goddess chided herself, "for here's the Jack of Clubs, and he's mamma's own little Willie boy with a mop of golden hair."

A boy's face, young and handsome, was smiling out of the card into the eyes of Fate.

Fate sighed a bit.

"You're almost too sweet and dear," Fate laughed. "But goodness, child. I've got to tangle up your thread of life a little bit, you'd have such a horrid, wishywashy time of it if I didn't, and you won't mind in the end."

Fate slipped the card over by the Queen of Hearts.

"Now wait a minute, honey children," said Fate. "Wait until I find something to make life interesting for you."

Fate closed her crafty eyes. From the deck of cards of human destiny she pulled another card.

"Well, I'll Be Darned! Where Did You Come From?"

She Went Toward the Man—the Knife Clutched in Her Hand.

She placed it over by the other two. She opened her eyes and peered down at the three.

Then even Fate gasped at the thing she had done.

"Not two Queens of Hearts in a deck?" she questioned herself tartly. She peered over at the cards again, "Oh you Red-head," she giggled.

Then, curiously enough, a mist covered the eyes of Fate.

She patted the third card tenderly.

"It's too bad," she said ruefully, "too bad. But once I make up my mind—well I never change it. You poor little extra Queen of Hearts—you little intruder."

Then without a second glance Fate swept the three cards into her hands.

She set the tiny crystal ball at her side to spinning. "Wherever it stops," she told the cards as she leaned over the revolving ball.

Slower and then more slowly the gleaming crystal spun until it came to a dead stop.

Fate leaned over the ball.

"Iowa," she laughed to herself. "Dear old prosaic Iowa where nothing ever happens except good crops and golden seasons with prosperous, fat and contented living."

She gave the three cards a last little flirt with her hands. "Iowa," she chided. "But your tale is more the tale of free and easy Bohemia, a red tale of the South Sea Isles, or even an exotic tale of the Turkish Harem. Well, it's colorful enough to smack of all three. But Iowa, good old, slow-going Iowa. Oh well——, here goes."

Fate leaned over.

Into the slot marked Iowa the capricious goddess slipped the three cards of human destiny—Dear radiant gypsy, Queen of Hearts, the Jack of Clubs, serious and handsome in his budding manhood, and poor little, pitiful, lovable and loving extra Queen.

"Good-by and good luck," said Fate. "But oh what a tale to happen in Iowa."

THE river was low and murky.

Somehow just in the last few days the sand bars had poked their noses out of the water and the dingy little flatboat seemed to be entirely surrounded by little patches of islands.

A girl came to the door of the squalid one-room cabin that perched itself precariously over the end of the flatboat. She held a pan, blackened by the smoke of many smoking fires, in her hands. Over the rickety railing circling the deck of the boat she flung the dirty water and without a second glance at the greasy dripping pan slung it up against the side of the cabin where, miraculously enough, it swayed, caught on a rusty, bent old nail.

The girl stood in the doorway of the cabin.

She put her hand to her eyes and peered up and down the river.

As far as sight could reach the same scene met her eyes. The rolling restless river with its water mark at the ebb-tide of the year was dotted here and there by other boats, homes of the derelict human "river rats," occasionally a freighter, a pleasure boat or an excursion steamboat plowing a path within sight of the girl's own miserable little hut, and now and then a trig little revenue cutter enlivened the horizon. But they were "crafts of quality" and there was nothing in common between them and the river rat's floating hovel.

The girl sighed.

She went back into the one-room cabin.

"This is a h—l of a life," she said cryptically and apropos of nothing at all.

Inside the cabin an old shrew of a woman lay on one of the four bunks that lined the walls.

"It's your own fault," she grumbled in answer to the girl's remark. "You ain't got no need to be so high and mighty. What's it gettin' you anyway? What with all the chances you've had to put old Pete and me on easy street along with yourself and then wouldn't take any of 'em, proves you're an ungrateful hussy. I swear it's just nachully more than a human being c'n stomach."

The girl seemed to pay little attention to this tirade.

She sank down on a rude chair fashioned out of a crating box and sat there staring up at the old woman in the bunk thru moody eyes.

At last she spoke.

"I want you should tell me the truth. About my maw and how in h—l I landed in this dump."

The old woman laughed. It was a toothless cackle that seemed, somehow, entirely devoid of mirth. She squared herself up in the dirty bunk and sat with bare wrinkled old feet hanging over its edges.

"I layed out in my mind last night to tell you all about it," she answered. "Pete sayd you got t' choose one way or 'nother today. He don't aim to have you layin' around here bringin' in nothin' to pay your board and keep, and he said I could just give it to you plain. Your ma was Kate Burns. You know that much anyway. She was the slickest little Moll that ever played up and down the Mississip. All the coppers had her picture. She sure was a keen one. But every dog has his day. She pulled a raw deal in Davenport, and for once there was a copper onto his job. By George, she almost got lammed in the pen, too, but she got away and come here. Pap and me had this same joint here only we was younger and we lived easier them days. Pete was fair gone on the jade and she give me softnin' of the heart, too. She had a winnin' way with her."

The eyes of the old woman misted over in a surprising was as she went on.

"Well you was goin' t' come and Kate was awful sick. She knew she was dyin'. We couldn't call a doctor even if we could a got one t' come out here. I guess there wan't nothin' would a saved her anyway. She lived three days after you come and she begged all the time that you'd go with her. But you was a husky little brat and the stronger you got the weaker she seemed to be."

The old woman's voice held a tinge of wistfulness. The girl had never heard it so before. Memory was tugging at the woman's heart. Even a weatherbeaten old shell that one time housed a human heart throbs to the touch of a tender memory.

"I 'member her last night on earth. Pete said she was gettin' weaker, but he didn't need to say. I knew. She'd named you. "I want she should have a beautiful name," Kate sayd. "But God, I wish it'd been a boy. This—world—ain't—no—soft—snap—for—a—girl."

As she talked, the old woman's voice had taken on almost the same tone the dying girl's voice must have held sixteen years before.

"She named me?" The girl's eyes glowed as she drank in the words of the old woman.

"She named you Rilletta Louine. She said that's all she could give you that was purty, but she'd give you that. We tried t' get her to tell us about your pa, but she wouldn't. That secret died with her."

"Maybe he's living?" The girl's question was an eager cry, but the eagerness faded out of her eyes as the old woman went on.

"Well, he may be livin', but take it from me he don't care whether you are or not. Like as not some rich cur with a wife and kids of his own that no one could touch with a ten-foot pole, they're that proud. Bah!"

The old woman spat her tobacco laden disgust toward a foul-smelling spittoon improvised from a pan of ashes.

"Did she say?"

"I just told you she wouldn't tell," the old woman snarled. "Once she as much as admitted that he lived in Davenport, but she wouldn't really say. We promised we'd look after you and she turned her head up against the wall there and died. She'd been a gay little thing, only a year older than you are now, but somehow at the last she was broken-hearted. Pete said she didn't want to live."

"I wish I could have seen her." The girl's words were almost a whisper, but the old woman heard.

"Bah! She wasn't your type," she snarled. "She was a crook, but she wasn't white-livered. You are. There ain't a purtier girl up or down the river'n you be and look at you."

As if to follow the old woman's words the girl looked down at her grease bespattered dress, unkempt and ragged.

"I ain't got anything else," she complained. "You know yourself I can't get that old blue rag on. And besides it takes money to buy glad rags."

The old woman spat contemptuously. "Well, what's to hinder you from spendin' a little?"

The girl started a reply, "But the gettin' of this here said money ain't so easy——"

"A —— sight easier'n you think," the old woman interrupted with a foul oath. "It's like Pete sayd ever' day, fix you up and you'd be pretty enough, providin' you played your cards right, t' put us all on easy street f'r the rest of our lives——"

The old woman talked on and on, and the girl listened not unwillingly.

Only once during the tirade did she speak.

Then: "That's all very well, Min, in the beginning, but you know yourself where that sort of thing ends. Look at Moll DuPrie."

"Bah!" Min's voice was almost a shriek now as she warmed to her argument. "Moll DuPrie? And what was she? A dub. A plain simp. I tell you, Rill, you play your cards right and there ain't nothing's going to keep you back. Pete 'n' me's got it all doped out—and here's 'zactly how it is."

Again Min's voice went on and on—a continuous persuasive monologue punctuated by vile oaths and foul suggestions.

Min paused. She leered into the girl's face meaningly. "Sound good to you?" she questioned.

The girl flung herself from the rude chair to the doorway of the squalid cabin. The same dreary horizon still greeted her. Out there, away out yonder beyond the bleak river line other girls laughed and played and worked in young joyous freedom. Rilletta Louine knew they did.

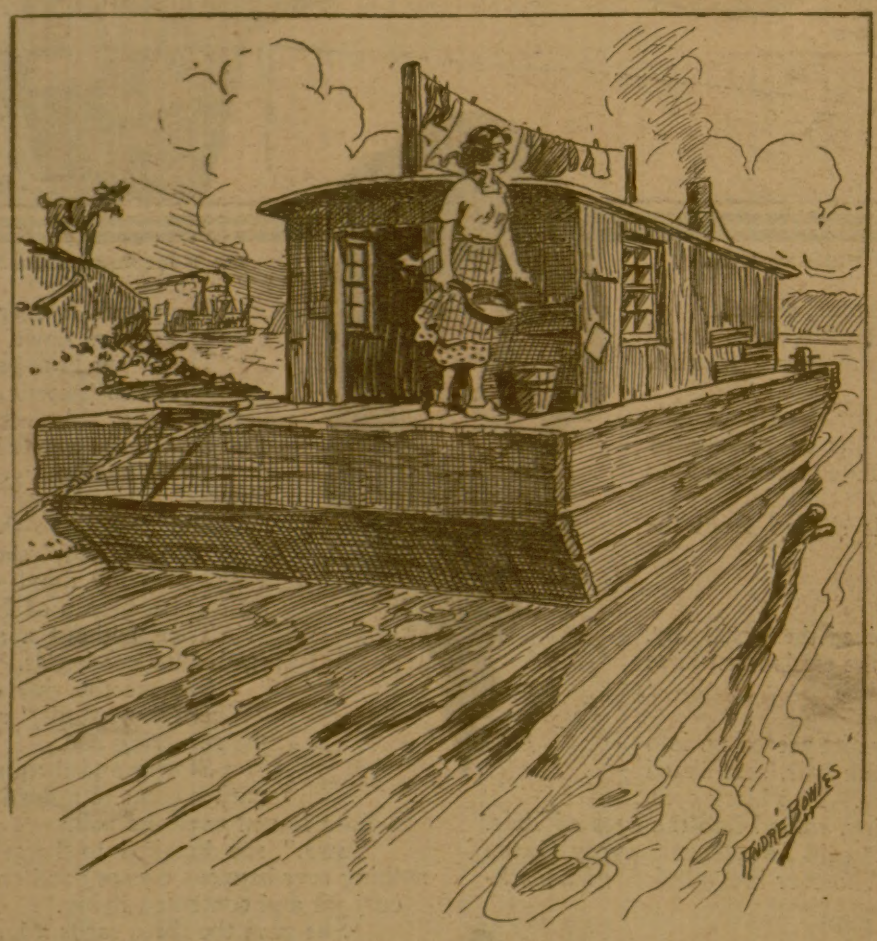
Occasionally when Pete tied up near the shore line of some little town along the great river the girl had caught a glimpse of that other world where human beings lived. On several occasions Pete had been indulgent enough to send the girl to school. Once Rilletta's school term had even extended itself to three long golden, wonderful months. Then Pete had gotten into some sort of difficulty, the girl didn't know what it was, for after all what did it matter, for the town authorities had seen fit to send the squalid old houseboat with its disreputable inhabitants moving on up the river. Rilletta knew very well that "river rats" weren't considered the most desirable of citizens.

The girl turned back to Min, who still sat on the bunk watching her craftily, waiting for the answer she was exultantly sure would come.

"All right."

The girl's face held the pathos of a hunted thing. Perhaps up and down the great Mississippi River, trappers have seen that same fading light in the eyes of a trapped animal. It is pitiful enough then, but when the eyes that mirror the soul of a human being hold that look——

"All right," the girl said. "I'm on. The sooner the better. What the h—l's the use, anyway? Anything but this, oh anything." She flung her hands in a wild sweep that included everything, the ill-kempt woman on the bunk, the squalid boat, its foul furnishings, the dreary river and the monotonous shore line. "Yes, I'm on. There's nothing on the face of the earth or under it that could be worse than this hole. I'm ready for anything."




She Held a Pan Blackened by the Smoke of Many Fires.

THAT night the girl lay in one of the wretched bunks and thought it all over. The other occupants of the room were vocally sound asleep.

She tried to imagine that other girl who had lain here in this same wretched river shanty, perhaps in this very bunk sixteen years ago. She tried to picture the outlines of her mother's face. That her mother had been very beautiful the girl knew.

Once the girl had heard Pete tell the old woman, "Rill's a dead ringer for Kate. She's got the same red mop of hair and the same wicked red eyes. She's got the makin' of a real sure enough vamp and no mistake, face and figger."

So her mother had died with a broken heart? Poor little vampire caught, no doubt, in the web of her own sinful spinning.

But Rilletta didn't argue it in such fashion. Rilletta's birth, her surroundings, poor pitiful education, these things had failed to fit the girl for sound, common sense reasoning. Her heart could only ache in its dim undefinable longing, for something—something she would never understand. could never understand.

Maybe that other girl, sixteen years ago had had the same feeling as she clasped in dying arms her little nameless babe, that flicker of mother love, the only beautiful thing in life she had ever known flaring a sudden white and radiant flame in a heart stilled all too soon.

And slowly, that night, the beautiful undefinable dream vision the girl had vaguely held, that dream of a better life of a clean radiant joyous existence, died.

"Anything's better than this, oh anything."

"I'll play the game, I'll play the game for everything it's worth."

The months passed on and life was just as sordid as ever lived on the squalid river boat.

Rill played the game. The old, old game, which is as old as human life itself.

And Rill played it for all it was worth and found

(Continued on Page 15.)

*Can Carlyle Rescue the Girl of His Dreams From the Hardened Wretches?*

# Wolves of the Sea

## By Randall Parrish

### A Summary of the Previous Installment

Senor Estada summoned Gates (Carlyle) to his cabin. LeVere, the mulatto, was a poor navigator, Geoffry was told, and besides, Estada was suspicious of the fellow. Geoffry accepted the dual rank of navigator and first officer and moved his belongings from the forecastle to a cabin aft.

**GUNSAULES,** the steward, brought in Carlyle's outfit of new clothes. The steward had shipped aboard the Namur when he was penniless and starving, he said. When Carlyle went on deck to relieve LeVere, he was stunned for a moment to find the man at the wheel was the giant negro—Cochose. He introduced himself to the big black as "Gates, the new first officer."

Estada arranged a luxurious luncheon for Dorothy, Manuel Estaven and himself. The girl, now aware of Geoffry Carlyle's presence on the ship, was told that Captain Sanchez was alive and would recover. She was then given the freedom of the ship. Carlyle managed to see her in her stateroom. During their whispered discussion of plans for escape, with the cabin lamp turned low, the entrance door was cautiously opened and a man—Estada evidently—was detected groping his way thru the darkness.

The story began in No. 1, the Ledger for Jan. 7. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

### CHAPTER XVII.
### A MURDER ON BOARD.

THE fellow made scarcely a sound as he advanced, yet, as I waited breathlessly, I felt assured of his stealthy approach. To be certain of free space I extended one hand and my fingers came into unexpected contact with the back of a chair. Without moving my body I grasped this welcome weapon of defense and swung it above my head. Whoever the invader creeping upon us might prove to be, he was certainly an enemy, actuated by some foul purpose, and, no doubt armed. To strike him down as quickly and silently as possible was therefore the plain duty of the moment. I had no other thought.

The slowness with which he groped his way forward indicated unfamiliarity with the apartment, altho his direct advance proclaimed some special purpose. Clearly he had no fear of attack, believing no one more formidable than a girl was there to oppose him. The darkness, perhaps, and silence, convinced the fellow that she had already retired. He would have his grip on her, before she could even dream of his presence. Then there would be no scream, no alarm.

I could determine almost his exact position as his advancing foot felt cautiously along the deck, seeking to avoid striking any obstacle in the darkness. He came forward inch by inch and I had the sensation of awaiting the spring of some creeping animal, about to leap upon me. With tense muscles, the heavy chair poised for a blow, I measured the distance as indicated by faint, shuffling sounds, perceptible only because of the profound stillness.

I could not see, but I knew; I felt his presence; in imagination I pictured him, with arms outstretched, barely beyond my reach, deliberately advancing one foot for yet another step forward. With all my force I struck! Blindly as it had been delivered, the blow hit fair; there was a thud, an inarticulate groan, and the fall of a body onto the floor—beyond that nothing. I waited breathlessly, the chair back gripped in my hands, anxiously listening for the slightest movement. There was none to be distinguished; not so much as the quiver of a muscle. I felt Dorothy touch my shoulder, and caught the sound of her voice, trembling at my ear.

"What it is? What did you do?"

"I struck him with a chair; he lies there on the deck. Wait where you are until I learn what has happened."

I bent over and touched him, dropping to my knees, every nerve tingling as my hands felt of the recumbent body. The fellow lay in a heap, his flesh warm, but with no perceptible heart-beat, no semblance of breathing. My fingers sought his face, and I could scarcely suppress a cry of surprise—he was not Estada. Who then was he? What could have been his purpose in thus invading this stateroom? All I could grasp was the fact that the fellow was not the Portuguese—he possessed a smooth face, long hair, and was a much smaller man.

It must have become overcast without, for the stargleam was no longer visible thru the after port, and yet a faint light entered, sufficient for my purpose. I dragged the body that way, dropping it where the slight illumination fell directly on the upturned face. The features revealed were unfamiliar—those unquestionably of a half-breed Indian. Dorothy crossed to my side, her foot striking a knife, which came glimmering into the narrow range of light. She stared in horror at the ugly weapon, and then at the ghastly countenance.

"Who is he? Do you know?"

"One I have never seen before; he must belong to the gang amidships—an Indian."

She shuddered, her voice trembling.

"He came to murder! See his knife lies there. Why should he have sought to kill me?"

"It is all mystery," I admitted, "and too deep for me. Perhaps it was a mistake, or the fellow thought you had jewels. Anyway he will never try that trick again—see, my blow crushed his skull."

"He is actually dead?"

"Beyond doubt. The chair was a heavy one, and I struck with all my strength. What shall be done with the body? It cannot be left lying exposed here; no one would believe you killed him, and my presence must not be suspected."

"Could it," she suggested, "be dropped astern thru the port?"

"Ay, that might be done; it was dull of me not to think of that. Yet we must not risk a splash to be overheard on deck. Is there a rope of any kind to be had?"

"Only this curtain cord; it is not large, but strong."

"That ought to do, if long enough; there must be a twenty-foot drop to the water. Yes, splice the two together; let me have them."

She shrank back from touching the inanimate figure, her face very pale in the dim light, yet it required the combined efforts of both to force the stiffening body thru the port hole, and then lower it slowly to the surging water below. The cord cut our hands cruelly, but it held, and the dead man sank beneath the surface, and was swept swiftly astern, into the black depths. We could distinguish footsteps on the deck above, but these were regular and undisturbed—the slow promenade from rail to rail of the officer on watch. Clearly nothing had been heard, or seen, to awaken suspicion. I turned back, as the released body vanished, to look into her face, which was scarcely visible.

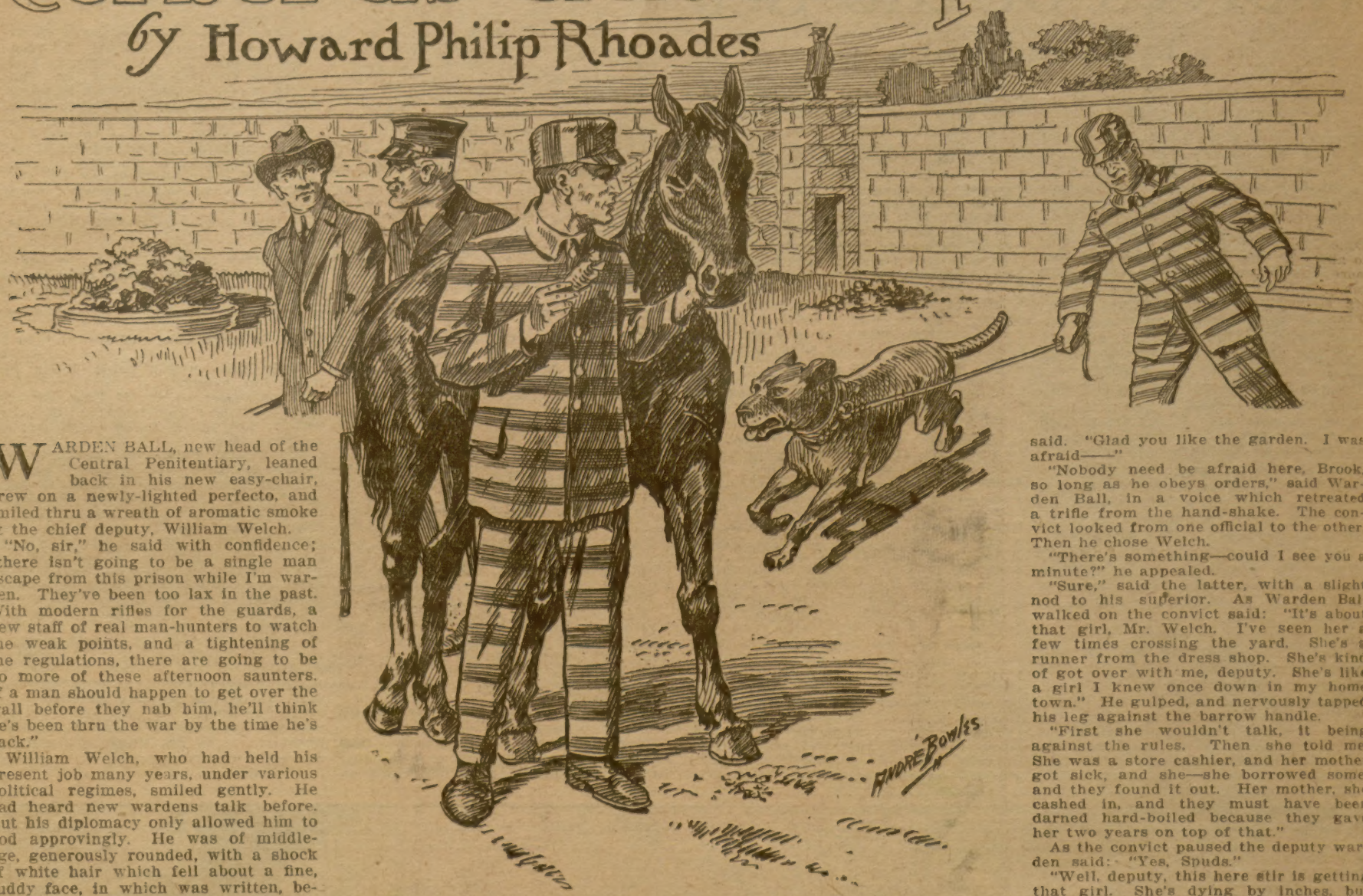
"If you should be questioned tomorrow you had best know nothing," I said gravely. "I do not think you will be,

(Continued on Page 18.)

"What Do You Know About This, Senor LeVere?" I Asked Sternly. "The Man Has Been Murdered, Knifed. Who Did It—and Why?"

# Cerberus Guards The Stir

## by Howard Philip Rhoades




"There's Your Guardian, Warden," Said Welch, "the Most Trusted Man in the Yard, and He Dotes on Animals."

WARDEN BALL, new head of the Central Penitentiary, leaned back in his new easy-chair, drew on a newly-lighted perfecto, and smiled thru a wreath of aromatic smoke at the chief deputy, William Welch.

"No, sir," he said with confidence; "there isn't going to be a single man escape from this prison while I'm warden. They've been too lax in the past. With modern rifles for the guards, a new staff of real man-hunters to watch the weak points, and a tightening of the regulations, there are going to be no more of these afternoon saunters. If a man should happen to get over the wall before they nab him, he'll think he's been thru the war by the time he's back."

William Welch, who had held his present job many years, under various political regimes, smiled gently. He had heard new wardens talk before. But his diplomacy only allowed him to nod approvingly. He was of middle-age, generously rounded, with a shock of white hair which fell about a fine, ruddy face, in which was written, beside a calm, commanding poise, the tolerance and kindliness which years had given him.

"Keep Welch," the Governor himself had advised the new warden. "He knows more about the prison and the men in it than any one in the State. He's not of our party, but he's been kept on for years by wardens who have been wise enough to let him help them over the bumps. Don't be afraid to listen. He'll tell you right!"

So this young college-bred, war-trained man at whom Welch was smiling, this favorite with the political leaders, this man with a future, had kept Welch on. For John Ball, who was not yet past a young manhood of impetuous self-confidence, knew how to take advice. He might be arbitrary, a trifle indiscriminate, and rather full of boyish whims, but he possessed the saving virtue of never overruling his elders on a matter which was too serious. Hence his rapid rise.

Deputy Warden Welch was glad to be kept by another administration, especially by this one. For in Ball already he saw vast potentialities. In his fatherly way he was pleased at the chance of helping to mold, by his experience, a man destined to become a great leader. He had the broad soul of one not afraid to take orders from a man younger than himself, and who, instead of making his experience an embarrassment to a younger superior, uses it to help him.

After all, as he thought of the fondness of the former warden for politics and golf, he felt that he was justified in saying: "Yes, warden, I think we shall have fewer escapes from now on!"

"Fewer?" queried the other impatiently. "We're going to have none. I've got the 'demons' in solitary until their new cage is done, and I'm drafting a new order that responsibility for escape means instant dismissal. And, by the way, Welch, I've ordered my dog!"

Enthusiastically he produced a catalog. "How's that?" he cried eagerly as he showed the picture of a very large, powerfully built dog.

"Cerberus!" he continued with animation. "Some name for a prison dog!"

"Cerberus," said Welch, who had been helping support his family at an age when some young men receive classical educations.

"Yes. According to the ancients Cerberus was the three-headed dog which guarded the gate of Hades. He had snakes around his neck——"

"The gate of Hades," reflected Welch. "But this dog has only one head."

"One's enough," said Warden Ball, impressively nodding his head. "We used dogs somewhat like this one across the water around prison inclosures, and they scared those fellows silly. Of course, this one is bigger and a different breed. A special breed, imported from Bavaria. Why, this dog would eat a con alive! And listen to this line: 'Cerberus has a deep, threatening bay, excellently suited for purposes of guarding.' I can't understand why they've never used dogs here before. It's ideas like this that will help us put over our no-escape regime!"

"They're painting the dog-house over in the carpenter shop," said Welch. "Would you care to see it?"

"Let's go," said Warden Ball, enthusiastically grasping his broad-brimmed hat.

Thru two huge clanking gates, one on either side of the "bullpen," where new prisoners are searched and visitors talk in low, tragic tones to their gray-clad friends who had been brought front by runners, they passed. Then on thru the great square yard, with its broad spread of grass and flowers, its tall waving trees, its fountains and benches—the park of exiled souls.

Warden Ball paused in the carpenter shop, where a thin, pale man was painting a dog-house of extraordinary size. "Think that front door's big enough, deputy?" he inquired.

"Big enough for a man to crawl in," said Welch. "Where do you want the house placed, warden?"

"To the right of the east gate. That's been a favorite place for them to go over the wall. There's a new guardhouse to the left, and with Cerberus to the right—— By the way, I want a sign with his name on it right over the door of his house. Corking name for a prison dog! And I'm having a special collar made in the shoe shop, with brass snakes on it."

Far ahead, as they crossed the yard, Welch could make out two figures. One was a woman. Beside the other stood a wheelbarrow.

"To continue to acquaint you with the prisoners, warden," said Welch, "here's one I want you to know. Plays the trombone in the orchestra, and is our chief gardener."

Warden Ball's brow knitted. He wasn't sure, as yet, just how the prison orchestra fitted in from a disciplinarian viewpoint. So he chose the lesser evil and asked: "Gardener? What's his name?"

"Spuds Brook. One year he clean made over our method of growing potatoes, hence the nickname. He's a wizard with the hoe and shovel. Since we did away with contract labor many of the old shops are being torn down. As fast as we get new space we turn it over to Spuds, and he makes a bed of flowers where only dirt and misery bloomed before."

"But he's talking to another prisoner. That's against the rules."

"Don't call him," said Welch. "We've sort of allowed him privileges, for he's about the most trusted man we have. And he don't gossip casually either. Usually trying to help some poor devil."

"What's he in for?"

"Fifteen years from Hampton County for assault. Mixed it with some prominent man down there—Carr, I think——"

"Anthony Carr?"

"That's him. Politician and capitalist. He got a girl Spuds liked in wrong, or something like that. She later died. Brook knocked him down, and his head struck——"

"I seem to remember. How long has he served?"

"Six years. Even with all his good time, he's got quite a bit yet. I've been to the board twice for him, poor devil, but——"

"Trying to help him out?"

"Yes. He seems to have no friends or money to get a lawyer. But it's no use. Anthony Carr's got him sewed till his last day."

Warden Ball looked at the older man curiously. Here was a man holding a political job, yet not afraid to speak of political injustice. But Welch's truth, the warden reflected, went hand-in-hand with his independence. Ball had been forced to seek Welch out to offer him the job. He had never begged this or any other political plum. Once more the deputy warden went up in the estimation of the younger man.

THE woman, who had been talking to Spuds Brook, disappeared around the corner, seeming to flit from their vision, a slender, light figure. Brook was bending to lift his barrow when Deputy Warden Welch called.

"This is the new warden, Spuds," he said informally. "I've been telling him about you."

The new warden rather surprised both his colleague and the convict by stepping over and taking the hand of the latter. He found it a soft hand, for one who did hard work, but one of strong fibre, which gripped his own firmly. Into his own eyes looked a patient pair of blue ones which impressed the warden with a strange sense of latent, unaroused power; of reserve strength capable of functioning in a crisis. His hair was graying, but his frame was supple and strong, while his face, far from the traditional prison pallor, was tanned brown by his work in the open.

"Please to meet you, warden," Brook said. "Glad you like the garden. I was afraid——"

"Nobody need be afraid here, Brook, so long as he obeys orders," said Warden Ball, in a voice which retreated a trifle from the hand-shake. The convict looked from one official to the other. Then he chose Welch.

"There's something—could I see you a minute?" he appealed.

"Sure," said the latter, with a slight nod to his superior. As Warden Ball walked on the convict said: "It's about that girl, Mr. Welch. I've seen her a few times crossing the yard. She's a runner from the dress shop. She's kind of got over with me, deputy. She's like a girl I knew once down in my home town." He gulped, and nervously tapped his leg against the barrow handle.

"First she wouldn't talk, it being against the rules. Then she told me. She was a store cashier, and her mother got sick, and she—she borrowed some, and they found it out. Her mother, she cashed in, and they must have been darned hard-boiled because they gave her two years on top of that."

As the convict paused the deputy warden said: "Yes, Spuds."

"Well, deputy, this here stir is getting that girl. She's dying by inches, but won't admit it—one of them deaths where the spirit just shrivels up, and the body has to follow. She's got money where she can get it—from her mother's little home which has been sold. But she's got no relatives, and she thinks she's got no friends. Another six months in here will fix her so she'll never go out alive. I know, because I've seen 'em."

"What's her number?"

"Don't know, Mr. Welch. I couldn't just think of a girl like that having a number. But her name's Julie Neil."

"I'll look into it, Spuds."

As Brook voiced his thanks Welch rejoined Warden Ball. The latter looked wonderingly at the official who would interrupt a walk with his superior to hear every convict's complaint. But he only said: "What did he want?"

Welch smiled understandingly. "Fighting somebody else's battle again," he said. "That girl he was talking to is not well, and he wants me to plead her case."

"Being cut off from the other sex, I suppose these fellows get to idealizing women a great deal."

"Some of them, no doubt. But not Spuds. Visitors are passing him all the time, and I never remember seeing him notice them. I understand he never cared for but one girl, and she's the one he's doing the bit over. This girl he says looks like her—like the one that's dead."

"They all have their minds pretty much on getting out, don't they?"

"Naturally. And if the legitimate means, parole and pardon, arn't possible, they think of escape. But many plan and few succeed."

"Under my improvements none will," said Ball. "The fellows we have to watch are the bad boys; gunmen, murderers, burglars, robbers, the more violent ones. With my new system, improved rifles, and with good old Cerberus to bite a hunk out of any con who gets chesty, there will be no chance."

Again Deputy Welch smiled. He had worked under five regimes—none entirely escapeless.

"But we mustn't overlook the seemingly harmless prisoner," he reminded. "Most of them escape merely out of a love for freedom. But the quirks of the human heart are strange. Jack Dietz went over the wall in 1917 because he simply couldn't stay out of the war. Shorty Langnecker escaped in 1911 so he could spend his mother's last days with her."

THE arrival of Cerberus was an event of such importance that a procession, composed of Warden Ball, Deputy Warden Welch and a trusty leading the imported prison dog, crossed the yard toward the east gate where the dog-house

already was in place, close beside the great wall.

"Now that we have the guardian of the gate," said the warden, "what we need is a guardian for him."

Beside the walk, where a fine patch of clover had been encouraged to cover a formerly arid bit of soil, stood Spuds Brook. Beside him cropping the lush stems, was old Jerry, last of the prison horses which had disappeared with motorization. On a day when the boneyard yawned, Spuds had begged for the poor old brute, saying he could use him harnessed to his mower. Now, as Jerry's nose, unaided by his sightless orbs, delved into the clover, Spuds stood by fondling the old horse's remnant of a mane.

"There's your guardian, warden," said Welch. "The most trusted man in the yard, and he dotes on animals."

As they signaled, Spuds tied Jerry and came over. Word of the dog had come to him over that mysterious route made more effective because of being forbidden. He knew, but he merely patted the big animal and said: "Nice doggie. Whose is he, Mr. Welch?"

"The new watch dog, Spuds. How would you like to care for him?"

"Fine! That's his house over by the gate?"

The warden nodded, and they went that way. If Warden Ball had had any doubts about the selection of Spuds as caretaker for Cerberus, they quickly faded as he listened to the convict's suggestions. They talked for some time, and when Warden Ball finally saw Cerberus in his spacious new home he turned away with a satisfied look.

"You're right about Brook," he said. "He's clever."

"He's a man a good deal like you or I. He's normal."

"Then you don't think they're all normal?"

"No. In my mind all criminals fall into three classes. One class is mentally deficient. They are the habitual criminals. We should segregate them, and see that their race does not propagate. The second class includes normal men, like Spuds, who, usually in their youth, allow some natural instinct to run away with them. The period of their arrest and sentence sobers them, and they should never go to prison. The suspended sentence is the thing."

"And the third class?"

"The real criminal. He is rational in all save his attitude toward society. Thru a love of adventure, thru embitterment, or thru a simple desire for conflict, he deliberately declares war on society. Even for that class penitentiaries are wrong. A great farm where their health would not be broken while they were forced to do useful work would be more just."

"You've got it all figured out, Welch. But I'm afraid I don't agree. There's just one class. Science can survey, and investigate, and plot curves, but we'll always have a class of trifling, no-good bums and crooks willing to do anything rather than work."

"Yes, but after all, they're human——"

"Human and wanting to get loose. By the way, did anybody ever try the scheme of secretly electrifying a wire along the the great wall to prevent escapes? They'd drop off cold like flies!"

Nobody had—and Warden Ball didn't. For Deputy Welch had a quiet way of discouraging the wilder schemes of his superior. Already he was implanting in the mind of the younger man the seeds destined to give the latter a truer, more humane outlook.

For the present, however, his disbelief in the classification of criminals, as expressed by Deputy Warden Welch, stuck in the warden's mind. Often at night, long after "Lights Out," he would walk to that end of his office which faced the great silent inner court, where Spuds' flowers lay sleeping under the night breeze, and where the huge cell blocks might be seen to right and to left. He cherished the illusion, as he looked at these tiers of cells, filled with convicts, that the prisoners were lying awake by the hundred, ceaselessly planning to escape.

Men they were who would steal toward the great wall with ropes made of mysterious materials filched over periods of months; men with knives and saws made from files, and with cruel bludgeons of wire, twisted thru large steel nuts; men who would fight to their last gasp for freedom. Then, as his eyes dilated, and he clutched the window frame with quickened pulse, far across the yard by the east gate would boom the warning note of Cerberus. Cerberus, the strong! He was there, and all Warden Ball's carefully wrought scheme to keep the wily convict shackled was still victorious!

Morning would come, with its routine reports, and the great prison moving like clockwork. Warden Ball would stride into the office of Deputy Warden Welch slap the latter on the back, and say with enthusiasm: "Another day, and still going strong. We've got it over 'em like a tent!"

Thereupon he would set his broad-brimmed hat confidently, grasp his heavy cane, and go across to visit Cerberus. He usually found Spuds Brook there, and they would have a chat over the head of the monstrous dog.

"The niggers just take one look," explained Spuds one day, "then go! And you ought to see the dagoes. One stood long enough the other day to spell out the name. Then he kind of crossed himself, and says, 'Cerberus, d'dog-a from hell!' and beat it, frightened like."

"Cerberus, old dog, you've got their numbers," praised the warden. "Got 'em right off the front house ledger. Good dog, Cerberus. Good-by, Spuds."

"Good dog, Cerberus," repeated Spuds, as the tall figure of the warden faded. "Good dog. I'll give you some meat!"

For Spuds knew more than flowers and soils. He knew the souls of men—and dogs. Cerberus, he had realized e'er this, was only mildly interested in the duties of a prison dog, as Warden Ball conceived them. His back turned to the cell-blocks, the first day, Cerberus had sniffed wistfully in the direction of the dining-room. Standing by, Warden Ball had said: "Get 'em, old boy, get 'em!" Even then, Spuds had known Cerberus and the warden were thinking of two entirely separate things. The warden had gone back to tell his friends about his monster dog who doted on convicts raw. But Spuds Brook had gone to the dining-room with a basket.

"But He's Talking to Another Prisoner. That's Against the Rules," Said the Warden.

By now Spuds had grown to think of Cerberus as a thorobred gentleman, back of whom were all the traditions of birth, but all the frailties of the flesh; a leisurely gentleman who rose to his traditions half-heartedly, turning with reluctance from sensuous paths, but never quite admitting his degeneration, and always willing to pretend to be what the world commonly believed him. But Spuds did not tell Warden Ball. There are only too few illusions in a penitentiary, anyway.

So he petted Cerberus and gave him meat while Warden Ball went back to the front house to say to Deputy Welch: "That dog sure has thrown a scare into them all. Spud says——"

At the mention of Spuds, Welch consulted his watch. "With your permission, warden," he said, "I'm going to the board this afternoon about that girl."

He was slow and thoughtful next morning as he went to report the result to Brook. "Sorry, Spuds," he said, "but the board won't do anything about Julie Neil at least for another six months. It's known that her theft came along after a lot of others, and she just happened to be the one caught. The store manager passes the buck to some merchants' protective body, and they, never even having seen her, say somebody has to be made an example of. They've asked that nothing to be done until at least half her time is up, and the board agrees."

As disappointment crept into the face of Spuds, the deputy warden suggested: "Have her tell the doctor she's sick. If we could get her into the hospital maybe they'd have to let her out."

"She won't go, Mr. Welch. She's proud, and won't ask them for anything. Day after day, I see her going past here thinner and weaker. She'll never give up until she has to. Then they'll take her out in a box."

Deputy Warden Welch expressed his regret at failure. Spuds thanked him for his efforts. But, even as Warden Ball did not see how Spuds turned to Cerberus as he left the convict the day before, neither did Deputy Warden Welch see Spuds' face as he walked across the yard. By such failure Welch missed a strange sight. The face of the faithful gardener grew gray and drawn while his fists clinched, and hard, hateful lines came around his mouth. It was the first time he had ever looked that way since he came to prison.

"How's my dog this morning?" as Warden Ball and Welch returned.

"Fine, and his keeper on the job!"

"He's grown very fond of Cerberus," said Ball. "Good old Spuds!"

IT WAS on a morning several weeks later, after Warden Ball had stood many evenings and looked with satisfaction over the great sleeping inner court to picture desperadoes pitting themselves against his matchless rule, and finding themselves defeated at every turn—while Cerberus the valiant struck terror into their hearts—that the blow fell.

The news came to the Warden slowly, for it was passed up nervously from hand to hand until it reached Deputy Warden Welch. Even he was a trifle shaken as he stepped into the room where Warden Ball, in bathrobe and slippers, was just beginning to stir.

"Warden," he said, "I'm sorry to report we've had an escape—in fact, two of them."

Warden Ball's strong young face set in surprise and anger.

"Two escapes! Impossible!"

"Now, don't feel bad, warden. Apparently all your precautions held. These were people we'd never suspect——"

"Who?"

"Spuds Brook—and the Neil girl."

The warden frankly let out a curse. "Confound it, Welch. You encouraged those people. You——"

"I'm sorry, warden," said the older man, with genuine regret. "But they can't count it against you if you get them back."

"How did they go?"

"It isn't just clear yet. I've sent Captain Deem, and some guards, and notified the city police. Seems they didn't report last night that the girl wasn't in the counts. The guard had sent her on an errand late, and, as she trusted her——"

"Terrible! That guard's done now. How about Brook?"

"Nobody ever paid much attention to him. He often worked among his flowers until after dark. He might even have stayed out in some of the buildings over night, and they wouldn't have discovered. We never suspected him, so they didn't notice——"

"They will notice! Every guard——"

"Now, don't be hasty. I wouldn't definitely suspend any one——"

The tinkling of a telephone directed their steps first toward the east gate. There they saw a sight which added a new and peculiarly distressing phase to the warden's discomfort. Hanging from the top of the great wall, where it was caught by a hook to a ledge, was a rope. It touched the ground not one hundred feet from the house of Cerberus, nestling close to the big wall—Cerberus, who had been chosen to guard the prison, even as his fearful namesake guarded Hades!

If the warden felt anything he did not say it. But there was extreme irritation in his voice as a guard, who belonged in the little stone house atop the wall, related how he had found the rope.

"But the night man," bawled the warden. "Where was he—asleep?"

"The rope would lie in a shadow," said Welch. "How about the other side?"

On the other side of the wall, close in, was a path of packed cinders. Then, beyond, not ten feet from the wall, a railroad switch, used for storing cars. No footprints or other clews there. As they were still looking a guard ran up.

"Rope tied to the comb of the front house roof!" he said.

Warden Ball gasped. He had heard tales of the daring ones going over the big building in which were situated the executive offices and residence of the warden. The group hurried to the front house, were elevated to the roof, and went out to look.

"From the dressmaking shop where Julie Neil was runner," said the warden, examining the texture of the rope. "But you wouldn't make me believe any woman ever climbed down there, and they both must have gone the same way."

"I don't take much stock in this route, either," Welch said. "But that rope on the wall doesn't convince me. Rope is scarce and they'd use the same piece on both sides. So it should have been left on the outside."

"If they didn't use these ropes why put them up?"

"To steer us wrong. Spuds had flower boxes around the front up here, and could have placed this easily. The other they might have readily tossed up."

These clews investigated, Warden Ball thought for a moment, and then instinctively turned to the older official for advice. Welch was cool and composed. He had been thru escapes before. The man who had often struck Warden Ball as being almost indifferent in the matter of escapes now quickly mapped out a campaign and started it swiftly in motion. However, gentle and easy-going he had ever been before, he was now stern and resourceful.

"Captain Deem," he ordered, "have people, along the route to the field where our trucks dump refuse, questioned. Nobody seems sure of having seen this pair after 3 o'clock, and they may have gotten away in a truck."

An hour later, after Warden Ball had been vainly questioning night guards, Welch reported: "This truck escape looks good. A man and woman were seen to get off Wetherbolt's truck just this side of the dump. I'm having Wetherbolt in."

The trusty in question admitted a man and woman had been riding on his truck. "But it wasn't Spuds Brook, or any woman from here," he assured. "You know, Mr. Welch, I wouldn't take anybody out like that."

Welch had not been inclined to believe so. But he was expressing no opinions of confidence regarding any trusted prisoners—just then. He merely reported the tip about the man and woman to the police, and sent more guards in that direction.

The sun was sinking as he and Warden Ball made a last round after a day of ceaseless but vain search. The warden was dejected, but Welch was still at the problem. It was bothering him to think that the means of the escape had not been solved.

"Of course," he said, when Warden Ball, over dinner and his evening cigar, was feeling a shade better. "They may not be gone at all."

"What do you mean?"

"They may be hiding out to wait for a favorable opportunity to escape. Dave Walker lay for three weeks under the postoffice steps, coming out at night for food. Then we got him. We might have all food sources watched, and maybe we'll catch them sneaking around."

That night there was a secretive unwonted activity as Warden Ball looked out into the great inner court. Dark figures prowled, maces in hand. In the cell-blocks they were not planning escape tonight, but thinking of those who attained success. Spuds Brook might be scrawling there in the dark from flower bed to hedge, while all Warden Ball's great machinery watched uncertainly, stinging with defeat. Far off to the east

(Concluded on Page 23.)

*Continuing the Big Story of Russia in the Last Days of the Czar*

# The Inner Circle

## By Crittenden Marriott

"The Go.d!" Cried Florence, Staring at Wilkins.
"Yes! Bill's Got It. How He Done It, I Don't Know. But He's Got It."

### Read This First—Then Go on With the Story

Bristow and the Professor went to Weser's Music Hall and interviewed Miss Florence Lee, who was found to resemble Olga very closely in all save polish and manners. Miss Lee seemed to speak a language that was mostly American slang, but coming from her it didn't sound quite so raw as from a less fascinating creature. Then there came the day when the big steam yacht, Sea Spume,

**CAPTAIN WILSON** commanding, with Marie, Florence, the Professor, Caruth, and Tom Wilkins aboard, lay at anchor off Burndo; a small island village in the Gulf of Bothnia, where the sunken Okney lay ten fathoms deep.

While divers were at work, Caruth, Florence and Wilkins went ashore in a small launch. During their stay in the village a priestly-looking Russian from St. Petersburg told Florence she was not Professor Shishkin's daughter. The Russian was none other than Baron Ivan Demidroff, chief of the third section of the Russian police. Florence was the Princess Yves Napraxine, daughter of the Grand Duke Ivan, cousin of the Czar, the chief informed her; the same child who was stolen twenty years ago by Shishkin. This was candy and nuts for the showgirl, as well as promise of a royal adventure. If the gold was found by the divers Florence agreed to hang a red flag or red light from the porthole in her cabin.

**The story began in No. 2, the Ledger for Jan. 14. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.**

### CHAPTER XII.

THREE days after Florence's adventure at the church, that young woman sat on the quarterdeck of the Sea Spume, gazing with unseeing eyes over the lapping water which the descending sun had turned into a golden river stretching away to the west. Upon this yellow flood two boats were moving, and on these Miss Lee's eyes were fixed.

But her thoughts were far away. Not once since Baron Demidroff had told his amazing tale had its substance been out of her ears. Again and again she had gone over the details, wondering if by any chance she could make the fairy tale come true.

In time she almost persuaded herself that she could. She was sure that she understood at last why the Professor had not wanted to bring his daughter to Russia. He had been afraid of this very thing—afraid lest Olga's relatives should find her and reclaim her. More than ever now, he would want to keep the substitution secret. And no one else knew of it.

Florence's heart leaped within her as the possibilities danced before her mind's eye. Let her only dare to go ahead and she would have money and wealth. Why not?

A princess! Sharply she drew her breath at the thought. A princess! She! Florence Lee! She who had faced beggary a few short weeks before! Princess Yves Napraxine! Princess Yves Napraxine! Again and again she wrote the words on the fly-leaf of a book that lay in her lap. Princess Yves Napraxine! If it could be! If it could be!

A step on the deck aroused her. Hastily she closed the book with its tell-tale writing and looking up to see Wilkins close beside her, regarding her closely.

"Lady," he said. "I s'pose your pa's told you how I come to be on this here trip."

Florence nodded. The Professor had not told her, but it seemed unnecessary to admit that fact.

Wilkins went on. "I'll own right up to you," he explained, "that when I come I warn't by no means satisfied that I was gettin' a square deal; a ten per cent. rakeoff ain't very high when you hold the joker and nobody else can get nothin' unless you helps. Then I wasn't satified about Jim. That Miss Fitzhugh swears her friends didn't kill him; but, then, she naturally would, you know, and I've got my doubts. Still, there didn't seem nothin' else for me to do but to come along, and give 'em all the rope they wanted, and watch my chance to find out about Jim and to get a bigger share of the gold. But I want to say now that that's all to the past. Your friends is my friends, and I'll stick by 'em. You understand?"

Florence did not understand—how should she? She had never heard of "Jim," nor of his death. She was rapidly finding out things, however; so she held her peace.

While she considered, the man went on. "Lady," he declared earnestly, "I'm a rough fellow, and I know I ain't half good enough for you. I know your dad would have a fit if he thought I was makin' love to you, and your fine friends would think I was crazy. Maybe I am; but it's for you to say. I'm a sheepman, lady, and many a night when I've been bedded down alongside a camp-fire, I've thought how nice it would be to go home to find somebody waiting for me. And the minute I see you and hear you talk so bright and clever, says I to myself: 'That's the girl for me.'" Wilkins paused for an instant and then went on. "I ain't no poor man, lady. I've got twenty-five thousand baa-baas in Colorado. I didn't come on this trip for the money, tho half a million ain't to be sneezed at. So you'll understand that when I gets my share home I'll be mighty well off. Now can't you and me frame it up together?"

Wilkins paused and waited for an answer. His face was as expressionless as ever, but in spite of himself a tremor crept into his voice. Plainly he was very much in earnest.

Florence, however, was in no hurry to answer definitely. "This ain't bargain day," she said, slowly. "I ain't saying a word against you, but I'll have to think a long time before I make up my mind. When I do, it won't be anybody on the yacht that'll stop me. But I guess I'll have to leave you on the anxious bench for a while."

"All right, lady! Take your time."

"I'm going to. But I'm goin' to tell you something right now, and that is that I ain't struck on this crowd I'm with."

Wilkin's jaw dropped. "But your pa ——"

"Popper ain't the man he was. He ain't nothing but a deuce in this game. He ain't going to make anything out of it at all. Do you know who is?"

"Them revolutionists, I guess—what ain't grafted on on the way."

"Well! I'm not in this to help any old revolution. I tell you right now, Mr. Wilkins, that it's me for the gold if I can get it to Noo York."

"Ain't you afraid of them bombovitches?" demanded the man.

"Me! Not in Noo York, I ain't. In Russia, I ain't sayin'."

A delighted grin came over Wilkins' face. "Say!" he exclaimed. "You're all rightsky. They tried to scare me with them fellows, and I let 'em think they had, but, Lord sakes, they ain't troubling me none. If they come to Colorado after me, the Czar'll have one less to put in his dungeonoffski. Now you listen to me!"

The man's tones showed that he was about to say something momentous and the girl looked at him startled.

HE WAS pointing over the water. "You see that boat pronouncin' around yonder?" he questioned. "Well, near's my specification goes, the Orkney lies just about under her. Unless they're too terrible promiscuous, tney'll find her mighty soon, and then tnere'll be goings on worse'n a locoed bronco."

"How do you know?" The girl sat up, every muscle tense with excitement. "How do you know where the Orkney is, and why will there be trouble when it is found?" she demanded.

"Because—say, I guess you didn't see a slim, limpy fellow with a black hirsute adornments on his chin up in the village the day we was up there, did you? Well, that fellow was Bill, my brother Bill, the one that wrote the epizzootle that brung us here. He wasn't drowned in the Orkney—Bill wasn't born to be drowned. Everybody else was, but he got on terra cotta, and he's been hibernating here ever since, waiting his chance to get away with the gold."

"The gold!"

"Yes! Bill's got it. How he done it, I don't know. But he's got it. Bill's a man of his hands, Bill is! He's got all them nuggets out of the ship and cashed 'em ashore. There ain't a speck of dust left on the Orkney. Bill's got it all!"

Amazement gripped Florence and held her dumb. The gold whose capture was to be the price of proofs of her princesshood had passed into other hands. What was she to do? There was no time to lose. Should she betray Wilkins to Caruth or to the Baron? How could she betray him to the Baron even if she wanted to? Should she grasp at the money and let the visionary rank go. She did not question whether she would be true to Professor Shiskin. Long before, she had decided that question.

Abruptly she spoke. "Well, what are you going to do?" she demanded.

"Going to run the gold off, of course," returned the plainsman. "Bill's got a boat of sorts—a schooner or pergola or something—and he's got the gold on board by now. I've staked him to buy provisions, and we're off tonight. Bill would have gone before, but he's crippled since the wreck, and knew he couldn't manage the boat alone. But it's all skeeky now. The scow's lying up here a-ways, just a-waiting for night and for you and me to join her. If it coincides with your sentiments, we'll do the fly away act tonight. Will you come?"

Miss Lee considered. Of course, it would be delightful to be a princess, but, after all, there might be a string tied to Demidroff's offer, while there was something substantial about five million dollars in gold. It might be well to pass up the fairy tale and close with Wilkins. She must consider.

"You can't cross the Atlantic in a sloop," she objected.

'Ain't going to try. We'll just run over the way to Stockholm to a place Bill knows of, and go home from there by steamer. Oh, we've got it all diagnosed out proper. It's a cinch."

"But"—Florence was thinking aloud—"how are you goin' to get away from the yacht?"

"That's fixed, too. Bill will float down under the cabin windows about 10 o'clock, just before the moon gets on the job, and we'll drop in on him."

"But when they find we're gone——"

"Let 'em find. What difference does it make? They may aspirate to get this here gold, but that don't make it theirs. Bill and me's got it, and I guess we'll keep it. Why, say, there ain't one of 'em 'll dare to baa even if they find us, which they won't. Oh, it's a cinch."

"Perhaps! And yet—say, Mr. Wilkins, you've been on the level with me, and I'm going to treat you likewise. Don't you be too sure you've got a cinch! There's others besides the folks on this yacht that's after that gold."

Wilkins did not speak, but he looked the girl in the eye and waited for her to go on.

"The Russian cops are onto their jobs, all right. They know what we're after, and they're watching us all the time. They're ready to swoop down on us the minute we get the gold on board."

Wilkins looked thoughtful. "Humph!" he said. "You're all to the good, you are. You ain't been wasting no time, have you? How'd you find out?"

"The priest! That day at the church. He wanted me to help him."

"And you strung him along, all right, didn't you. You would, of course!" He paused, then went on. "Well," he remarked, "I don't reckon it makes no difference. They won't be suspecting a fishing schooner of any allusions, and they won't be aggravatin' us none. They'll be keepin' their optics trained on the yacht circumspectious. We can slip out easy. Is it a go?"

Florence held out her hand. "It's a go," she agreed. "More! I'll help you to get away. I'll fix things so that the yacht won't have any time to bother us. And I'll marry you the day we get the gold to Noo York. And now——"

Swiftly Florence opened the book that lay in her lap and ripped out the flyleaf with its princely inscription. Swiftly she tore it into tiny fragments and tossed it to the breeze that sang thru the rigging. "There!" she cried, as the bits besprinkled the water. "That's the end of that."

### CHAPTER XIII.

THAT night the wreck was found. Seated in the cabin, close beside the telephone that led over the side down to the divers toiling beneath the darkening water, Caruth received the thrilling news.

Instantly hoarse orders rang thru the ship, and the crew sprang to their stations. The furnace doors were flung open and brawny stokers hurled coal upon the banked fires until the hiss of steam told that the Sea Spume was ready to race for the open sea the moment the gold was on board.

Below, the divers were picking their way over the sunken hull, seeking the storage place of the treasure.

Above, at the telephones, stood Caruth and Marie Fitzhugh, cheeks flushed and eyes a-sparkle.

"At last! At last!" breathed the girl; and "At last! At last!" echoed Caruth.

His tones penetrated to the girl's consciousness, and she blushed brightly. In the triumph of her case, she had forgotten that Caruth's object and hers were not the same.

She blushed, but she did not draw away. After all, if she were fated to give herself for Russia, to sell herself to Caruth in return for his help in the cause of freedom, the sacrifice would not be so very hard. Indeed, it might not be hard at all. If policy were to govern her mating, this clean-limbed, clean-thinking young American would be a better mate than many a one who had sought her in the past. The Brotherhood must decide; she had sworn herself body and soul to its orders; but she found herself suddenly hoping that the Brotherhood might find Caruth's claims worthy.

Smilingly she looked into the young man's eyes. "Not yet," she murmured. "Not yet. We are not out of the woods yet, and until then you must remember your promise."

"My promise?"

"To give all your thoughts to the business in hand. Not to make love to me. Not to——"

"Great Caesar's Ghost! You don't call this making love, do you? With you half a mile away across the cabin, and me with this telephone harness on my head. Just you wait and——" Excitedly he devoured her with his eyes.

Brightly she blushed, and restlessly she moved. Then she pressed a button on the wall. "I am going to send for Mr. Wilkins and Miss Shishkin to come and hear the news with us," she explained. "We owe Mr. Wilkins an apology for distrusting him."

When the steward entered, she sent him to find the two and ask them to come to the cabin.

When the man had gone, Caruth looked at her and laughed. "Yes," he agreed, "I guess I owe Wilkins an apology, but I could make it later just as well as now. I'm inclined to think that Miss Shishkin has had more to do with his good faith than anything else, anyhow. Queer girl, isn't she, to be the

Professor's daughter. Not the sort I should have expected at all."

"Nor I. However—Well, Barnes, what is it?"

The steward had entered, hastily. "Mr. Wilkins and Miss Shishkin don't seem to be aboard, ma'am!" he exclaimed.

"Not aboard? Nonsense! They must be!"

"I've hunted everywhere, ma'am. I've looked in Miss Shishkin's cabin, ma'am, and she ain't there. There weren't nothing there but a red light burning in the porthole, ma'am.'

Caruth sprang to his feet, tearing the telephone-receiver from his head. "A red light? Man, you're crazy!"

"No, sir; I ain't, sir. There was a lantern wrapped round with a red cloth burning in the porthole. And she's gone, sir. She ain't on board, sir; and Mr. Wilkins ain't on board, either."

For an instant Marie and Caruth stared at the man in dumb silence. Then the girl realized the situation. "Treachery!" she cried. "Treachery! Wilkins has betrayed us! I never trusted him. He's betrayed us, and he's carried the girl off."

"Carried her off? It's impossible!"

"Impossible or not, it's been done. Maybe she went with him willingly—I don't know and I don't care. She's gone, and he's gone, and there's danger in it! Danger! It means we are watched. It means we'll be attacked——"

"Attacked?"

"Yes, attacked! Do you think Russia will try to arrest us? She couldn't! We are within our rights. We are only seeking salvage. She won't try to arrest us. She'll send ruffians to attack us and kill or imprison us all. The Sea Spume will disappear as the Orkney did. No one will ever hear of it again. Quick! For God's sake, give me that telephone! I'll stay here. Go and find Captain Wilson! Serve out arms. Prepare to fight; for, as God is my judge, we will have to fight or perish. Don't I know Russia and its police? Quick! The murderers may be creeping on us now."

In three steps Caruth was on deck, and in three more on the bridge at Captain Wilson's side. Eagerly he poured out his story.

"If the police come for us openly, we must yield," he finished. "But Miss Fitzhugh says they will not come openly. She says they will come as pirates thieves, murderers. If they do, we must fight for our lives. We're armed and ——"

"We'll do it! I'll give orders." The captain was gone with the words trailing over his shoulders.

THE Sea Spume had been bought and fitted out as a dispatch boat by the United States Government at the breaking out of the Spanish war. At its close, she had been sold, guns and all, to the highest bidder; since then she had changed hands once or twice, but none of her owners and dismantled her. Finally Caruth, who had served on her during the war with other boy members of the Naval Militia, had bought her and had brought her up almost to a man-of-war pitch. When he had started for Russia, he had needed to add only a little ammunition to put the yacht in condition to cope with anything of her tonnage.

This armament was now to stand the adventures in good stead. Caruth, watching from the bridge, saw the wave of excitement ripple along the vessel at the captain's low-spoken commands; saw the tarpaulins jerked from the guns, revealing the long black muzzles of the six-pound rapid-firers; heard the splutter of the searchlight as the men tested its connection, and the rattle of the hoists as the fixed ammunition, cartridge-like in ease of handling, was brought upon the deck.

Suddenly all lights went out, and the Sea Spume became only a darker spot in the opaque blackness of the night. Simultaneously fell silence, profound and tomblike!"

Ghostlike, Captain Wilson mounted the bridge. "Everything's ready," he reported in scarcely audible tones. "If anybody comes for us now, they'll get a warm reception. The men are eager for a scrap."

"Good! This means double pay all round, Captain. You might pass the word. I'm going to the cabin now to find out what news there is from the divers. Miss Fitzhugh is at the telephone."

But Caruth was not to go to the telephone then. As his foot poised above the first step of the companionway, from the bows a shrill challenge came.

"Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy! What boat is that?"

No answer came. But out in the darkness a voice uplifted itself in short but swift command, intelligible by its tone, if not by its syllables. Unseen men responded with an eager cheer, followed by a splash of oars in the water.

"The searchlight! Quick!" shouted Captain Wilson, and at the word a white electric sword pierced the darkness, illuminating the black water, and illuminating too, a score of boats, loaded with men, dashing upon the yacht.

Small time was there for parley "Aim! Fire!" yelled the captain; and the flames of the guns split the darkness, while their thunders echoed back from the cliffs that towered close beside.

"Fire at will!" yelled Wilson, again; and again the guns roared, not all together as before, but in a pitter-patter of rattling sound. Swiftly the searchlight circled, picking out the boats for an instant as vivid bull's eyes for the concentration of the yacht's fire; dancing away again to some fresh point.

The yachtsmen were poor gunners, but at that range they could not miss. The returning searchlight soon showed an inextricable tangle of boats, drifting or turning unbalanced athwart the course of their companions, with oars dropping from dead fingers and men plunging limply after them into the embrace of the tide. Other boats showed for an instant in the glare as they dived into the shimmering water. But past and thru all these, others kept their way, intent only on coming to handgrips with the men of the yacht. In the gaps of sound, the same ringing voice still sounded, as the unseen commander incited his men to fresh efforts.

For a moment fate hung in the balance. Then, as Caruth, pistol in hand, leaped down from the ladder to join in repelling the boarders who seemed about to swarm over the taffrail, the tide turned. The Russians, overtaxed, bewildered, hesitated and fled, some by boat, some by swimming; those who had gained the yacht's shrouds leaping back in panic, careless whether planks or the Baltic lay beneath them.

Captain Wilson's deep voice rang out. "Cease firing!" he shouted. "Cease firing!"

Silence followed storm. Then out of the night came a flash and a roar. A jet of ruddy flame shot from the cliff side toward the Sea Spume. The skylight above the saloon suddenly vanished in a rain of splinters and flying glass. The searchlight, flung to port, showed, high up on the cliffs, two heavy guns, armed and manned.

Stupefied, the yachtsmen stared at them, unmoving, till again came a flash and a report, and a rending roar as the yacht quivered to the impact of a shell.

Captain Wilson woke to life. "Fire on that battery!" he yelled. "Mr. Caruth, get those divers up. We can't stay here."

Blood flecked Caruth's lip where he had bitten it thru. "What!" he cried. "Run away and leave the gold to them? I won't do it."

"You must!"

"I won't. I'll——"

A hand fell on the young man's arm. Marie Fitzhugh stood beside him.

"The gold is gone," she moaned.

"Gone!"

"Yes! The strong room on the Orkney has been broken open. The boxes are there, but they are empty. Some one has been before us. The gold is gone."

"Impossible."

"It's true. I ordered the divers on board. They are coming over the side now. We must flee. Quick, Captain. Full speed ahead."

The engine bells clanged, and the yacht shook to the throb of the screws. Rapidly she gathered way. Another shot from the battery on the cliff hissed over her, and still another went wide. Then a turn in the channel shielded her from further danger.

It was not until half an hour later that it was learned that Professor Shishkin had disappeared.

## CHAPTER XIV.

AT FULL speed and without lights, the Sea Spume rushed thru the darkness, threading her way among the islands by the faint light of the stars reflected from the dancing water. Her course was perilous in the extreme. At any moment an unseen rock might rise in the way and bring her to hopeless ruin. But delay was more perilous than rocks, and the Sea Spume sped breathlessly on.

Marie Fitzhugh was responsible both for the speed and the course. As the yacht dashed from the inlet into open water and veered southward, she climbed to the bridge where Captain Wilson and Caruth were standing.

"North! North, for your life Captain!" she cried.

Captain Wilson grasped the engine-room indicator. "Why north?" he demanded. "Stockholm lies southwest."

"We can never reach Stockholm. What! Do you think escape is to be so easily made? No! Russia has gone too far to stop now. The path to the east and south—the path to any foreign port—is guarded. To the north and east lies our only chance."

Captain Wilson hesitated, but Caruth took control. "North, please, Captain," he commanded; "and as fast as you dare."

An instant more and the Sea Spume swept round, heading northward around Burndo. As she turned, the girl again spoke. "I think their plan was to have had us looted unofficially," she said, "and then, after they had gotten the gold, to shoot a lot of the looters to satisfy international conditions. But unless they are fools, they must have prepared for just what has happened. Half a dozen torpedo-boats must be hunting for us this very minute. If we get to port without chancing on them, we shall be luckier than I dare hope. They'll never let us get away with the gold—and of

(Continued on Page 18.)

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# A Page for the Woman in the Home

## VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

I HAVE come to your chimney corner today with the subject of simplicity in home furnishings. Not only do I address myself to the bride and bride-to-be, but to the brides long gone, who have reared their families and have at last gotten time to get acquainted with their husbands all over again.

Many have no idea how restful and luxurious it is to sit down after a day full of duties and activity and read or dream or chat in a living-room where there is no bric-a-brac save a clock and a pair of candlesticks, a sewing-basket and a candy jar; where there are but a few large pieces of furniture; where there are quiet walls and floor.

Most of us have too much "truck." Everything that was ever given to us must have a place in our home, it would seem. The cluster of waxed orange blossoms, the green glass dog, the gilded shovel with the patheitc scene at the gate painted upon it, the penny doll with two genuine butterfly wings stuck on it; all such things but make a museum of a home, and of all the uncomfortable places to live in, a museum is the most uncomfortable, don't you think? I realize that we grow fond of these things and the longer we keep them, the harder it is to part with them. Yet one does not necessarily have to part with them. They may be kept safely in some room where one does not intend to spend her easeful hours of rest.

I know a mother of grown children who had made a relic museum of her home by allowing her furnishings to come from as many individual tastes as she had friends to give her things. Of course it was a hodge-podge. There was a rickety whatnot stand freighted to falling so that it had to be braced up to the wall. There were ostrich eggs, pheasant feathers, brazil-nut balls, a sparrow's nest filled with tiny eggs, a gilded beetle, and, in fact, what not? Nor was this confined to the whatnot; the mantel was covered to a square inch; the piano had not been opened for years, so heavily was it burdened. The table was piled with magazines, some of which dated ten years back.

Well, the last time the mother went on a visit to one of her daughters the remaining son and daughter had an addition of one room built on the side front of the house. They had the walls papered with a simple, plain soft gray; they put a monotone or plain tone gray-blue upon the floor, placed one neat, large clock above the fireplace upon the mantel, with two simple candlestitcks upon the neds of the mantel. All the furniture they placed there consisted of an inviting gray-blue davenport, two little chairs with gray-blue seats and a long, narrow table with a shaded lamp upon it. Plain, gray-blue drapes for the windows completed the room.

Of course when the mother returned she was surprised and not overly pleased. It was a useless expenditure of money, she thought. But in the days that immediately followed, she realized more and more what it meant. In a short while she got so she would sit nowhere else but in the new "annex," leading her family there as soon as dinner was over. The simplicity and oneness of tone was restful and inspiring. The living-room, with the "truck," soon became passe, out of use. All visitors were taken into the "new parlor." Apart from the simplicity of the new room, the change in itself was a wonderful tonic, and the mother showed it in every beaming smile and sparkling glance.

I know a woman who used to save everything that came into the house. There were empty suit boxes piled ceiling high in the closets. All the newspapers from the date of her marriage to the then present day were piled in neat armies higher than a man. She consecutively squeezed herself out of her kitchen, her dining-room and her two bedrooms. She was rapidly pushing herself out of her parlor when the house took fire one Sunday while she was at church and burned to the ground. I never saw a more relieved woman. With what renewed vigor she started life in her bright, new home!

## YOUR SUNDAY MENU

**BREAKFAST.**

Apples
Cereal and Cream
Scrambled Eggs Toast
Coffee or Milk

**DINNER.**

Meat Turnovers
Spinach Baked Sweet Potatoes
Chocolate Pie

**SUPPER.**

Split Pea Soup
Hot Biscuits
Baked Apples

**SCRAMBLED EGGS.**

Allow a piece of butter the size of a hickory-nut, for each egg. Have ready a hot spider or frying-pan, in which put the butter; when hot, add the eggs; season with salt and pepper, stirring gently until the whites are done; then put quickly on a warm platter and garnish with cress or parsley.

**SPLIT PEA SOUP.**

1 pint dried legumes.
1 onion.
½ head celery.
3 tablespoons cornstarch. Salt and pepper.
1½ cups milk.

Soak the legumes over night in cold water, wash, drain, and simmer in three pints of water, stirring often, and adding more water as evaporation necessitates. When the vegetables are tender, saute the onion and celery, cut fine, in a little dripping, and add to the soup; when all are tender pass thru a sieve, reheat, and stir in the butter and cornstarch creamed together, and add the milk to the soup.

**MEAT TURNOVERS.**

Chop fine any left-over meat, removing all bone and gristle. With it mix twice as much hot mashed potato, and add a minced green tomato or cucumber pickle to each cupful of the mixture. Season and moisten with a little gravy or stock. Shape in flat cakes, and brown in hot fat on both sides.

## THE HOUSEWIFE'S ECONOMY CALENDAR

### TEMPT EYE, TEMPT APPETITE.

Remember, that the eye is attracted even before the sense of taste is touched, or that other equally important sense, so far as modern cooking goes—the sense of smell. Usually we see food before we smell it, and always, unless we are blind, before we taste it.

To be sure, there is nothing in all the realm of cookery more tempting than the savory odor of coffee rising to us as we go down stairs to breakfast, or the crisp, brown smell of little cakes baking in the oven as we come in from a brisk, chill constitutional. Usually, however, it is our eyes, rather than our noses, that first give indication of the attraction of the food before us.

Now this does not mean that the busy housewife should take time to make roses of the radishes, to cut the orange skins of halved oranges in spiked edges, to roll the slices of bread in the napkins, and to make butter balls. These things she may do if she wishes.

But it does mean that everything sent to the table should be neatly dished. It means that the table should be neatly set. It means that the linen should be spotless and clean.

Of course, one can't always afford fresh napkins every meal, or even every day, and a gleaming, stiff white damask cloth always fresh is out of the question. But in these days it is quite possible to use table doilies that require little work in the laundering. And it is possible to use paper napkins, rather than soiled linen ones.

And remember, too, that a little minced parsely sprinkled over the top of the soup, neatly sliced lemon around the broiled fish, a candied cherry on the floating island—all these things take little time and effect big results.

### The Matinee Purse.

THE latest fad for a matinee purse is one made of metal beads in artistic designs and exquisite colorings. They have narrow strap handles, silk linings and vanity mirrors.

### To Clean Zinc.

ARTICLES of zinc are liable to collect dust easily and turn black. They can be easily cleaned by using hot, soapy water, and afterward polished with kerosene.

### Salad.

RIPE pears, skinned, halved, served with cream cheese in the core cavity and on a lettuce leaf with French dressing make a refreshing salad.

### Pineapple.

TWO slices of pineapple, cream cheese with a little pimento between, laid on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing make a tasty salad.

## Emma Hanko on Foods

### SAUERKRAUT

I AM often asked if sauerkraut is "fit to eat," or if it is a "digestible food." To both of these questions I shall have to answer yes, particularly when the product bears the homemade label.

What is sauerkraut?

Speaking briefly, it is shredded cabbage that has been allowed to ferment in a salted medium, not more than 3 per cent of salt being necessary or advisable. The fermentation produces lactic acid, the same acid which is found in sour milk and buttermilk, and it is this acid which is the great virtue of sauerkraut. Lactic acid checks putrefactive processes in the human body, so that sauerkraut may be looked upon as a sort of disinfectant. Those suffering from catarrhal conditions of the intestine will often find sauerkraut a very useful food.

Sauerkraut may also be used as an appetizer, its piquant taste being stimulating. When it is used for this purpose, the liquid covering the kraut should also be served. In fact, this lactic-acid-laden juice is a very useful drink, and much good may be expected of it in cases where intestinal disinfection is desirable, or as a stimulant to a jaded appetite.

One of the reasons that people object to sauerkraut is that it has a very bad odor during cooking. To obviate this, it should be cooked uncovered and in a well-ventilated room. The odor of a sauerkraut barrel may be greatly lessened if care is taken to keep out undesirable growths, such as molds, by frequent washing of the exposed part of the contents of the barrel and of the weights and cover used over the mixture.

**Next Week: Interesting Facts About Cranberries.**

## What Your Name Signifies

**Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.**

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

### RUTH

ONE of the loveliest names in the feminine category is Ruth. It comes to us shrouded in mystery and bearing the tragic sweetness of Biblical story. The origin of the name has never been satisfactorily determined. Some say that it comes from a Hebrew word meaning "trembling;" others that its origin lies in a word from the same language meaning "joined together," but all agree that it must have some connection with the word "reuth," signifying beauty.

As an English common noun, ruth has come to mean sorrow, pity, compassion. Whether it receives this interpretation from the story of the gentle and faithful Ruth of Biblical history is open to belief. Certainly the most famous Ruth of the ages was the lovely daughter-in-law of Naomi, who followed her into her own far country and gleaned the grain from the fields that they, too, might be fed. Artists have immortalized Ruth, the gleaner, standing in the fields, superb in her full-blown Hebrew beauty, with the sheaves of grain clasped to her breast.

It was Ruth who voiced that exquisite promise which is synonomous with devotion in the world's famous utterances:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and wither thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people; and thy God my God."

According to the Biblical story, Ruth became the wife of Boaz.

No nickname has ever been evolved from Ruth. The name preserved its dignity and pathetic sweetness thruout its history. It has been adopted, in a popular sense, only by the English language. In accordance with its significance, the pearl has been assigned Ruth as her talismanic stone. Tho the pearl, in this instance, probably means tears, it will undoubtedly produce the opposite effect upon the wearer, just as the opal ceases to be unlucky for those whose birth month is October. Pearls, worn by Ruth, will counteract her heritage to sorrow.

Thomas Hood expresses the poet's ideal of Ruth:

"She stands breast high among the corn,
Clasped by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss has won."

**Next Week: HILDA. Watch for It.**

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 25 and 26

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*Concluding the Story of a Strange Youth*

# The Resistance Kid

## By Bryan Irvine

### Read This First—Then Finish the Story

In the gun fight at Sandstone Junction, between the detectives and the booze runners,

**ALEX M'GREW,** an ex-convict, was shot and killed: Bill Delton finally made his getaway, and Jimmie escaped in the fast police car, pursued by the detectives in the light motor truck. In a quiet section of the city Jimmie abandoned the car and made his way to the Hamberton home. McGrew, leader of the booze exploit, was dead. Jimmie told himself, and Bill Delton, if captured, had never been known to give information to the police. Furthermore, it had been agreed that it was each man for himself in case of an attack.

Again Detective Neulin visited the Hamberton home. Jimmie declared he was in his room between 11 and 12 o'clock on the previous night. He confessed he had been offered three hundred dollars to drive a motor truck, but he would have nothing to do with booze runners, he said, and he had turned the offer down. Jimmie recalled his promise to Mrs. Hamberton and Sylvia to lead an honest life, and he would make good his promise in spite of all the police could do to make him stay a crook. Jimmie seemed proud of this falsehood, uttered in the presence of the mother and daughter. Asked for the name of his tempter, he promptly named Alex McGrew. "Dead men tell no tales," thought Jimmie.

When Simpson, recalled after Jimmie returned to the garage, declared that Jimmie was not in his room between 11 and 12 o'clock, little Anne stepped forward and asserted that he was; she had gone there to confess her love for him: he was in his pajamas; had rejected her advances and sent her away. Jimmie, recalled, said no one had come to his room at that hour, and nothing could shake his denial of such an occurrence.

Mrs. Hamberton convinced the detective that Jimmie was protecting Anne from her disgrace; it was a manly act, and she admired him for it. Again Jimmie was released as a suspect and little Anne was discharged for her scandalous conduct in visiting Jimmie's room at midnight, which she hadn't done at all.

Simpson met Anne in a park and pleaded for her aid in unmasking Jimmie, getting him once more behind prison bars and thus winning back their lost positions. Anne refused and Simpson was driven away by a park policeman, who had previously saved Anne from the annoyance of park loafers.

Mrs. Hamberton, worried about Sylvia and Victor Hamlin, asked Jimmie to perform a secret mission for her. Jimmie, during a ride in the roadster, told Sylvia of his love for her, and was immediately denounced as an insane fool, ordered from the car and discharged. "You miserable brute," was merely one of the harsh epithets the enraged girl applied to the amazed ex-convict. Detective Bert Neulin, concealed near by, smiled as Jimmie stood watching the little car and the girl disappear far down the road.

This story began in No. 3, the Ledger for Jan. 21. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

AND behind the nearby bush the detective heard and saw all.

"So that was why Mr. James Read remained on at the Hamberton home?" Neulin mused, as he listened and watched. "Why, the poor idiot! Thought he could marry the Hamberton millions! Some little drammer, I'll say!"

Eventually the storm subsided.

"Get out of my roadster, you miserable brute!" Sylvia commanded briskly.

Jimmie clambered from the car like an old, old man. He stood in the road and gazed dumbly at the girl as she took the place before the wheel.

"You will find your salary in your room when you reach the house," the far-away voice was saying. "Leave my home just as quick as you can. No need of you seeing mother. I will tell her all. Mother, she—one muffled sob broke her voice—"mother liked you, too—trusted you. If you ever mention this horrible affair to any one I'll see you back in prison if I have to spend the Hamberton millions to do it. You——"

"I—I'm sorry, Miss. I——"

But the pea-green roadster shot away.

Jimmie watched it out of sight. He shambled over to the side of the road and sank weakly down on a patch of grass. His head sank lower and lower to finally rest on his bent knees. This was the spot where he first saw Sylvia Hamberton and the pea-green roadster that had been in his dreams every night for two months. It was here that the creed of the Resistance Kid—"Resistance"—first weakened, weakened before a woman's smile. It was here that his trail of "resistance" came to an unexpected turning and the turning had brought him back again.

Something very near a sob shook the shoulders of Jimmie.

Detective Bert Neulin, after one more look at the bowed shoulders, the picture of dejection complete and eloquent, smiled cynically and slunk away to the little flivver. He must be prepared to follow the Resistance Kid.

### CHAPTER IX.

ONE hour later Jimmie emerged from the Hamberton home. He carried a suitcase. Slowly he walked across the wide boulevard, head hanging. He must find a quiet place where he could think, or, rather, where he could disentangle his chaotic thoughts. He was almost oblivious to his surroundings as he shambled along, oblivious until a timid hand brushed his shoulder in the park.

"Jimmie"

Jimmie came to life and snarled as he wheeled about. It never failed to anger him when a hand touched his shoulder.

Little Anne Billings stood before him.

"Well," rasped the recently dismissed chauffeur caustically, "did you think you had found a long lost brother or something?"

"Have you?—did you?—aren't you working over there any more?" Anne stammered timidly, making a vague gesture toward the Hamberton mansion.

"What's it to you?" Jimmie wanted to know.

"Oh, Jimmie, won't you ever be nice to me? What's it to me? What is anything to me if it concerns you? Jimmie, I—I love you so! Why do you hate me?"

For one brief instant the hard lines on the face of the Resistance Kid softened as he looked down upon the drab little figure. Tears were gathering in Anne's eyes and her chin trembled pathetically. But the hard lines came back again and with them the habitual half sneer. Somehow Jimmie could not banish the thought that Anne Billings was directly or indirectly the cause of his present status.

"Go Get Yourself a Big Feed."

He drew a dollar from his pocket and tossed it at the girl's feet.

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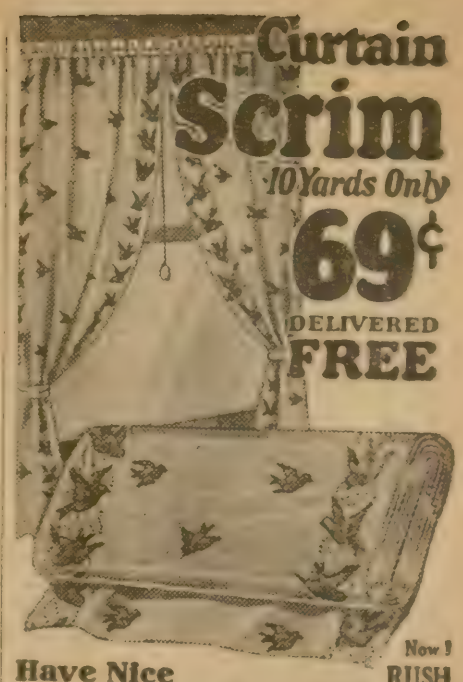

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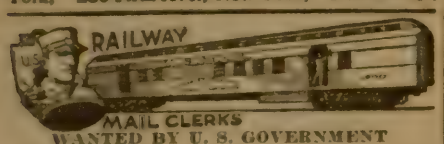


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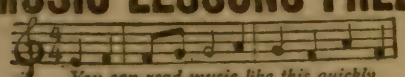

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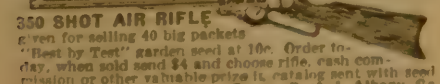

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that he wheeled about and strode away.

Anne watched him go, then looked down at the dollar in the path, then fled, sobbing, to the bench beneath the weeping willow.

A bedraggled individual who had been watching the little scene from a nearby bench, arose and secured the dollar.

In a secluded corner of the park Jimmie found an unoccupied bench. For a half hour he sat, elbows on his knees and chin in the palms of his hands. Slowly he went over the events of the past two months. He had been a fool. Yet, try as he would to summon the real Resistance Kid, that other half of him would not obey. Where was his creed, his resistance? They had fled before his love for Sylvia Hamberton. Even after his castles had crumbled to ruin, his hopes blasted irreparably, he could not bring back the old confident, defiant Resistance Kid.

Sylvia he must count out. But the larger and more important factor yet remained—the proud little silver-haired lady who had believed in him, trusted him. That hurt, hurt terribly, and it was a hurt that angered him, yet persisted, remained in the conscience that he had struggled to renounce, but which lived in spite of him and his one-time creed. He would like to at least try to explain to Mrs. Hamberton. He felt sure that she would understand. But Sylvia said that he must not see her mother again. Well, it was hell, Jimmie concluded. He would die rather than cause the little lady pain or sorrow.

At this juncture in his meditations some one tapped Jimmie on the shoulder. He was on his feet in a fraction of a second and wanted very much to fight, fight anything or anybody.

"How's tricks, Kid?"

It was Bill Delton.

"You big stiff!" Jimmie snarled. "Put up your mitts; you're about to get a crack on your nose!"

"Now! Now!" Bill placated, backing away. "Don't be so blamed touchy, Kid!"

Jimmie's anger subsided slowly and he sat down again.

"Canned, Kid?" Bill asked, glancing at the suitcase.

"No; I quit," snapped Jimmie.

Bill accepted the lie and gingerly sat down.

"I'm broke, Kid."

"So?" Indifferently.

Detective Bert Neulin was watching the pair from a distance. Who was James Read's visitor? He must find out. But before he could find a better and safer point of vantage he was accosted by another plainclothes man who engaged him in conversation. Neulin tarried.

"Stoney broke, Kid," Bill reiterated. "Y'u see, Kid, when that Sandstone Junction job fell thru it left me flat. First shipment o'-booze, ye understand. Took all the kale I had to buy the stuff. Would of cleaned up big if the bulls hadn't got hep. Now, Kid, I've been doin' a lot of thinkin' lately." Bill edged over closer to Jimmie and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"If we can raise about two thousand bucks, Kid, I've got the niftiest little scheme fer a big clean-up you ever heard tell about. Now——"

"If we?" Jimmie interrupted. "Where do you get that WE stuff? I'm not interested. I always played a lone game before I lost my noodle and went in with you on that Canadian booze racket. It cured me as far as the partnership stuff is concerned. Count me out."

"But listen, Kid," Bill persisted earnestly. "You haven't heard me yet. Now here; there's a guy in my gang, or who was in the gang, who lost all his jack in this last flivver, see? He's sore now. Wants his jack back, see? Well, this bird is gonna make trouble if he doesn't get a dollar-for-dollar refund, see? Says he will sure spill the beans to Harper if I don't come thru. He put one thousand bucks in the venture, see? He talked to me today, this guy did. And he knows that you was with me and Alex McGrew that night, see? He——"

"How'd he know I was there?" Jimmie suddenly asked. There was a dangerous light in his eyes as he studied Bill closely. "You and Alex were the only ones who knew that I drove the truck."

"Well, y'u see," Bill explained, "this guy must of been watchin' us that night. He mentioned your name today. He can spill the whole mess to the bulls if he wants to and at the same time keep himself clear because he's an alderman, see? And he's just hound enough to tip the whole business off if I don't come across with his thousand bucks, see?"

Jimmie continued to study Bill thru half closed eyes. Whether or not he knew Bill was lying—and Bill was lying—is doubtful.

"Well," he finally asked, "What's the idea? Why are you telling me all about it?"

"You want to protect yourself, don't you, Kid? You don't want this alderman guy to put the dicks wise to us, do you? Comin' down to brass tacks, Kid, this is what I want to say: Mrs. Hamberton and that swell daughter of hers have about fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and other gew-gaws. You know the lay of the land up there at the Hamberton castle. Why not clean up while the cleanin' is good? I'm ready to help is you want me."

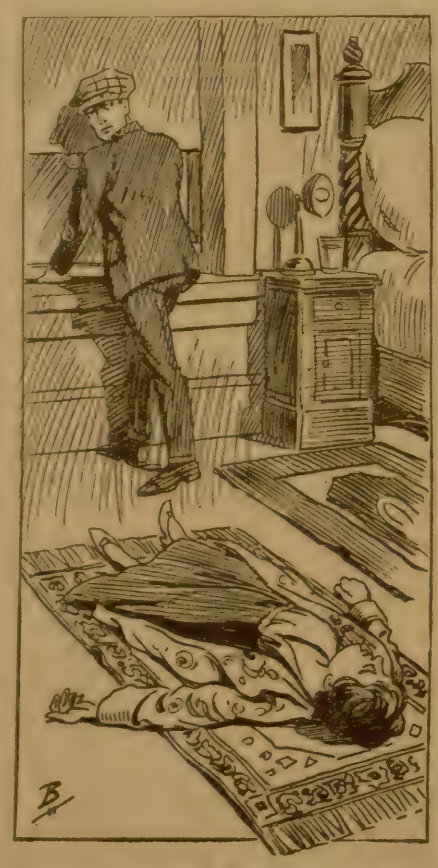
Ensued a long silence.

"I'll think it over, Bill. Meet me at Hargan's Cafe at noon tomorrow. I'll think—s-s-s-sh! Isn't that Neulin over there?" jerking his head toward the two detectives who were apparently discussing something interesting. "Beat it, Bill, before they get a close-up of you. I'll see you at Hargan's Cafe tomorrow at noon."

Bill slipped away into the trees.

IT WAS 10 o'clock that night that Jimmie walked boldly up the alley in the rear of the Hamberton home. In his trousers pocket was the latchkey to the servants' quarters. He had "neglected" to turn the latchkey over to the new butler before leaving the house earlier in the day.

Like a nimble boy Detective Neulin flitted from shadow to shadow in Jim-



Lying Downward Was Sylvia Hamberton.

mie's wake. He was exultant, was Neulin.

Jimmie jumped several hedges in the garden, approached the house and entered at the servants' quarters door. There was nothing furtive in his movements. Slinking, furtive actions arouse suspicion, while boldness is very often overlooked by prying eyes. Jimmie might have been the owner of the Hamberton home the way he conducted himself now.

Neulin arrived at the door a moment later. He hesitated. It was imperative that he get Jimmie with the goods, and he had not the slightest doubt but that Jimmie was after the goods. Therefore, the detective must not hurry and perhaps frighten the ex-chauffeur away before he got on the job.

So Neulin waited. Several minutes he waited before he cautiously tried the door. Of course, the door was locked on the inside. Neulin noted that several lights were on in two rooms in the front of the house. Apparently, some of the household had not yet retired. The detective made cautiously for the front entrance.

* * *

Then, from somewhere inside the house, came a muffled report.

"D—n!" the detective ejaculated, and he ran, at the same time blowing a shrill blast on a police whistle.

Neulin rushed into the large front hall to be confronted by a pale, frightened maid and a cowering footman.

"It—it was upstairs, sir!" the footman quavered.

Neulin bounded up the stairs just as the patrolman on the beat entered the hall from the street. At the head of the stairs the detective halted, undecided which way to turn. A long hall stretched away toward the rear of the building. The patrolman joined him there. Together they raced down the hall.

Arriving at an open door to one of the rooms—Sylvia's room—they halted abruptly. Lying downward on the floor in the room was Sylvia Hamberton. Beyond the prostrate form the Resist-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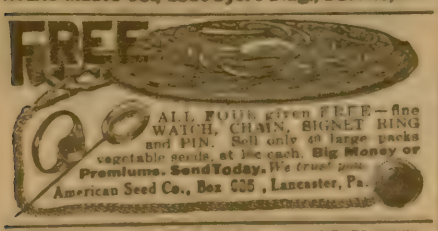


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ance Kid struggled frantically to open a window.

It was the real Resistance Kid who wheeled about to face two drawn revolvers in the hands of the officers. He made just one move toward his hip pocket, but a sharp warning from Neulin stayed his hand. Then slowly the exconvict raised his hands above his head.

"Handcuff that guy, Nat!" the detective barked, addressing the patrolman. "Get a doctor," to the butler who had just entered with several frightened servants in his wake. "Where is Mrs. Hamberton?"

"Mrs. Hamberton is away in the limousine," a terrified maid answered.

Sylvia Hamberton was dead. In Jimmie's pocket was found a diamond necklace, rings and various other atricles of jewelry, the thirty-eight-caliber revolver. One empty shell was in the cylinder of the weapon.

"Well, kid," Detective Neulin sneered, "you've made a fine job of this, didn't you? What have you got to say? Innocent, I suppose?"

Jimmie's shoulders sagged as he looked down upon what was once Sylvia Hamberton.

"What can I say?" There was no rasp in his voice. "I—I—oh, h—l! I loved her! I wanted to go straight for her! She called me a filthy jailbird when I told her I loved her. She discharged me. I—I'm crazy, I guess! I killed her!"

Thru the gaping crowd in the hall the prisoner was led by Detective Neulin while Officer Nat Halpin guarded the body of Sylvia Hamberton. In the lower hall Jimmie suddenly halted to look down upon a familiar workbasket on a pedestal. In the basket were the usual feminine articles for sewing and knitting. A half finished pair of black knit gloves hung from the edge of the basket. They were the gloves the little lady was knitting for him. Tears stung the eyes of the Resistance Kid.

"Thinking of stealing the poor old lady's basket?" Neulin asked sneeringly. "Come on."

"Yes, let's go," said Jimmie. I—I must not—gee! I must not see Mrs. Hamberton!"

Out on the large veranda a burly policeman argued heatedly and threateningly with a white-faced girl.

"I couldn't keep her back, sir," the officer explained to Neulin. "She fought like a wild cat. Wants to see Jimmie, she says, whoever Jimmie is."

"Jimmie! Jimmie!" little Anne Billings pleaded frantically, tugging at the prisoner's sleeve. "What has happened, Jimmie?"

Jimmie, now handcuffed to the waiting and impatient detective, dazedly removed his cap with his free hand and leaned against the balustrade. The cap dangled from his hand over the thick shrubbery about the veranda.

"Never mind what happened, Anne," he said wearily. "Go away and forget me. You're a good little kid, Anne."

"Oh, come on," Neulin snapped irritably. And while Anne sat down on the balustrade to weep unrestrainedly, Jimmie replaced his cap on his head and went away with the detective. He shuddered and turned his face away as a large black limousine rolled past them to stop at the veranda. He had caught a glimpse of the little silver-haired lady in the limousine.

Anne had ceased sobbing to gaze down into the shrubbery below her. She had seen something that Jimmie had not intended that she or any one else should see. And while Mrs. Hamberton alighted from the limousine, as yet unaware of what had happened in her home, Anne left the veranda to explore about in the shrubbery below where Jimmie a moment before stood.

## CHAPTER X.

IT WAS only after hours of endeavor and the seemingly endless unwinding of red tape that little Anne Billings at last found herself seated before a heavy iron screen in the county jail. On the other side of the screen, in a bare cell, sat Jimmie, manacled.

At the last moment before being admitted to the interview room Anne had submitted to a thoro searching at the hands of an experienced matron. Private interviews with prisoners held on a murder charge are not easily obtained. Where others had failed to be granted this privilege, Anne Billings had succeeded by her insistent plea to the sheriff and the district attorney that "she loved Jimmie; that Jimmie did not love her; but that she wanted to talk to him for just one tiny minute."

"Well, Anne, what's on your mind?" Jimmie asked, not unkindly.

"Jimmie, I want to save you," Anne whispered, unwilling to believe that ears other than Jimmie's were not listening.

"You can't save me, Anne. I am done for. Why bother with me? What could you do? I simply lost my head and pulled the trigger. I've confessed."

"But, Jimmie, listen," and Anne whispered softly into the ear on the other side of the iron screen.

Jimmie started. Then: "Anne, do you really love me?" the man asked desperately, looking furtively about the bare cell.

"Why, Jimmie, I have never loved any other but you! I thought you would see—would understand. I tried so hard to be nice to you. I took flowers to your room; I sent you postcards; I spent a whole week's pay to get silk socks and nice handkerchiefs for you. I bought lots of little things and left them in your room or dropped them in your pocket when you were not looking Jimmie, I——"

"You did that?" the man queried dazedly. "It was you, then; it wasn't Sylvia!"

"Yes, yes, Jimmie; I did it," Anne hastened on, believing she was at last impressing Jimmie. "And I—I—oh, Jimmie, I don't know how to tell you! But I told them that I went to your room that night when you went away to get the whisky. I told them I went there and asked you to let me in, and that you cursed me and sent me away. They believed me and Mrs. Hamberton dismissed me. But, don't you see, Jimmie, it saved you. I tried to tell you not to go, you remember, when you saw me in the kitchen that night, but you would not listen. I——"

"Told them that you went to my room?" Jimmie gasped. "Told who?"

"Oh, Miss Sylvia and Mrs. Hamberton and those awful officers who were trying to get you back in prison. Yes, Jimmie, I told them that I loved you and that I went to your room between 11 and 12 o'clock that night. I know it was an awful thing to do, but I had to save you somehow, Jimmie. They——"

"Good Lord, Anne!" Jimmie breathed, "that was an awful thing to tell them. So that was why you were discharged?"

"Yes. I told them that you cursed me and sent me away from you. Was it so awful, Jimmie? They believed me and didn't take you to jail. You see, Jimmie, I heard you talking to the man in the garage and I knew that Simpson heard—I saw him listening—and you wouldn't let me warn you. Do you believe now that I love you, Jimmie?"

"Yes, Anne, I certainly believe. Gee! you poor kid; I haven't treated you right at all! But, Anne, how much do you love me? Will you prove your love?"

"More proof?" the girl asked plaintively. "Yes, Jimmie, I'll prove it in any

(Continued on Page 20.)


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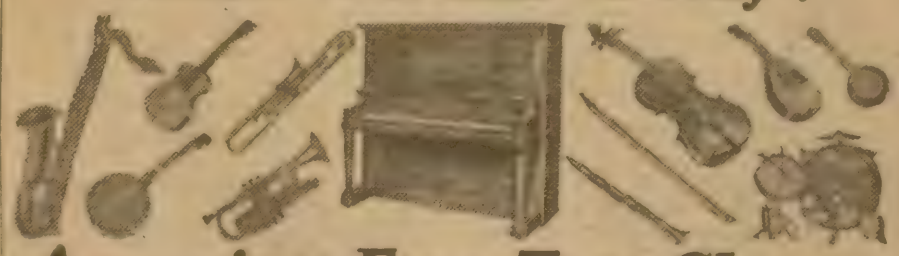

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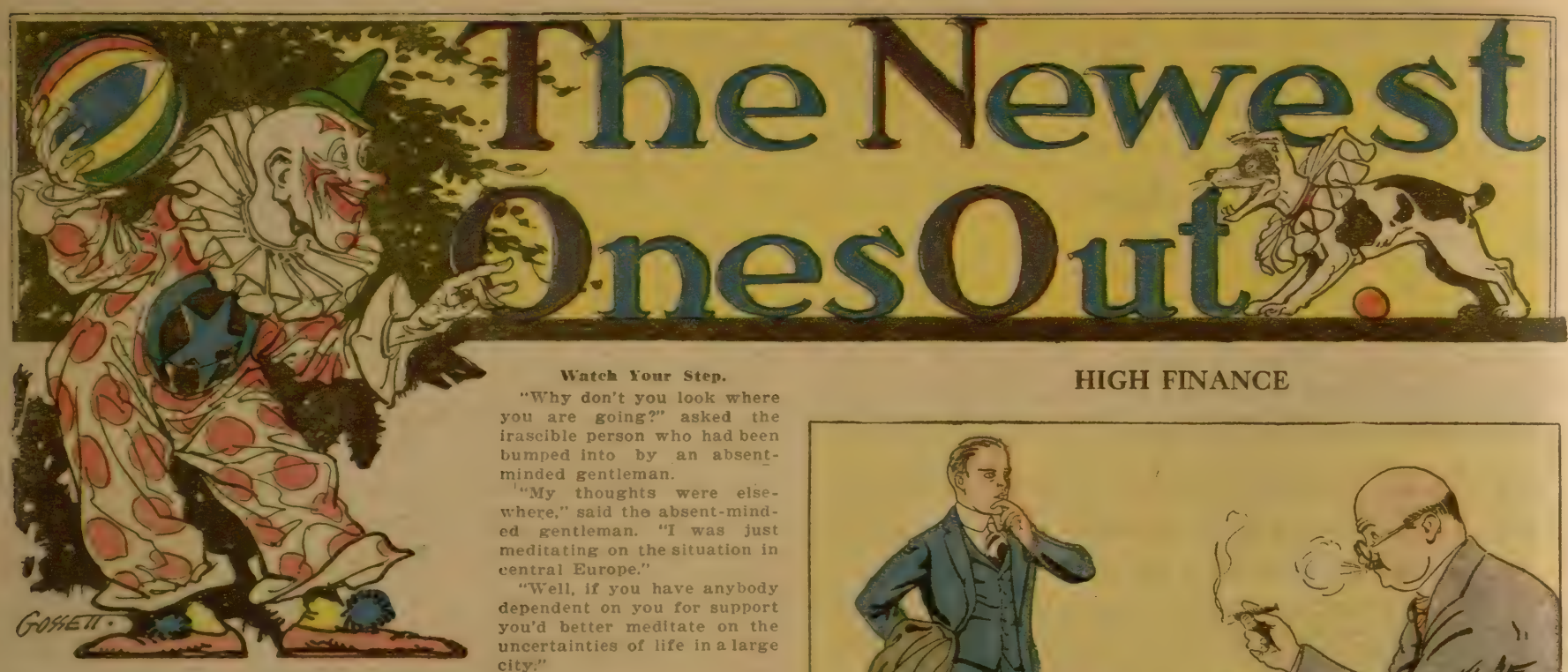



## HE'D MOVED SOME

COUNSEL (examining witness)—You say you saw the shot fired?

Witness—Yes, sir.

"How far were you to the scene of the affray?"

"At the first shot I was about ten feet from the man who fired."

"Ten feet? Well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired."

"I didn't measure the distance."

"Speaking approximately, how far should you say?"

"Well, I should think that it would be about half a mile!"

**The Proper Place.**

Monica, ultra-modern, perfumed and dressed in the very latest style, dashed into her husband's study. "I'm going to look at the newest hats," she said.

"Darling," said her husband, "it's Sunday. All the shops are shut. Pull yourself together."

"My dear old sleepy old thing," she said, "shops be hanged. I'm going to church."

**Her Economy.**

Wife—The tailor said he couldn't make the gown for less than $125, so I told him to go ahead.

Hub.—Why in the world didn't you consult me first?

"I didn't want to spend a nickel telephoning, dear."

## UNNATURAL HISTORY

A BRIGHT little New York boy was asked by his teacher as a test of his general knowledge to write a description of his imaginary travels in Italy. She was rather staggered, however, to read:

"After sailing about Venice on a gorgonzola and being disappointed in the smallness of the boasted 'Bridge of Size,' I went on to Rome. Again I was disappointed. The Coliseum there compared unfavorably with the one in London, and there was no performance on. The macaroni fields were white for harvest, but the spaghetti was only just in bloom. There was nothing on at the Vaticombs, as the Pope no longer lives underground."

## SOLID IVORY

**Watch Your Step.**

"Why don't you look where you are going?" asked the irascible person who had been bumped into by an absent-minded gentleman.

"My thoughts were elsewhere," said the absent-minded gentleman. "I was just meditating on the situation in central Europe."

"Well, if you have anybody dependent on you for support you'd better meditate on the uncertainties of life in a large city."

**Striking a Balance.**

Mrs. Robbs—Did the laundry find those cuffs they lost last week?

Mrs. Robbs—No, Peter.

"The shirts are no good to me without the cuffs."

"That's just what they must have thought, for they've kept the shirts this week."

**More Suitable.**

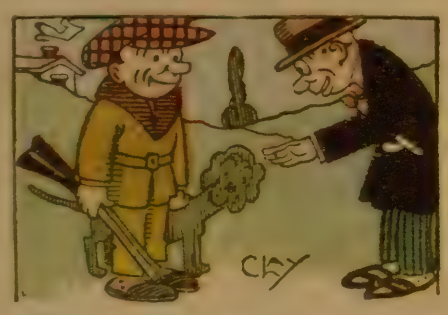
Old Gent—You said that dog you sold me was gentle. Why, he wants to eat the head off every dog he sees. You swindled me.

Fancier—Lor' love yer, mister, yer ought's keep dogs at all. A gent with your temperament ought only to go in for goldfish.

**No Cottages to Spare.**

A swaggish correspondent who says he has not noticed cottage pudding on the bill of fare for some months, inquires if its absence is due to the shortage of houses.

## Both Wrong.




"Nice hunting dog you've got—I guess it's a pointer."

"I guessed that way, too; but it's a disappointer I've found."

**Won the Tug.**

"Look, daddy," said a little 6-year-old. "I pulled this cornstalk right up all by myself."

"Why, but you are strong!" said his father.

"I guess I am, daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."

**No Rough-dry.**

"Yes," said the warden, "all our guests are washed, first thing."

"And if they object?" the gentle visitor questioned.

"Why, then," the warden smiled, "they are washed and ironed."

**Kitchen Police.**

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."

**The Only Time.**

"What is a honeymoon, pa?"

"A honeymoon, my son, is that time in a man's life when his wife is really supplied with all she wants to wear."

**Explanation.**

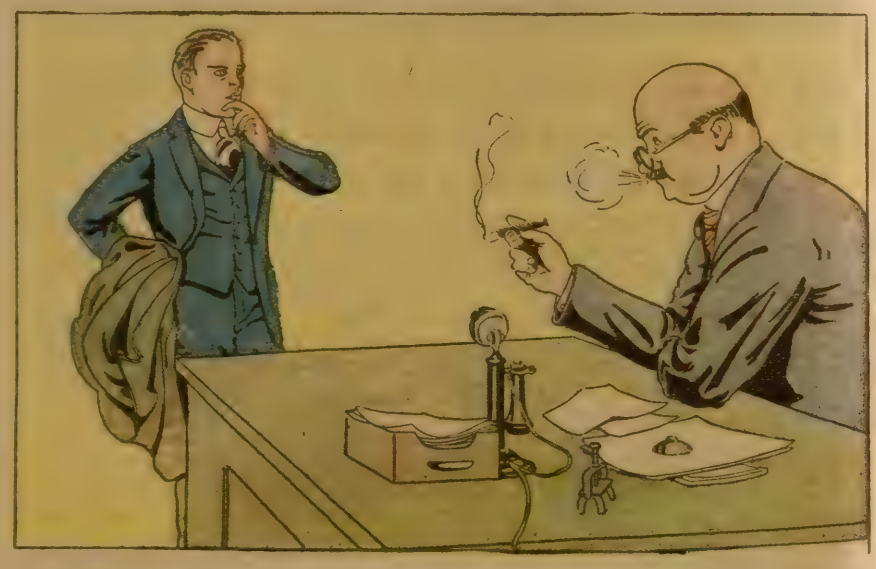
Mother—How was it you didn't win the spelling prize, after all, darling?

Darling—Oh, just because I put too many z's in scissors.

**A Brief Loan to the Lord.**

Before they will cast their bread upon the waters some people want to make sure that the tide is coming in.

## HIGH FINANCE



Old Richleigh—Great Scott, man, you couldn't support my daughter on a hundred and twenty dollars a week! It wouldn't pay the rent!

Charlie Flatfoot—Er—er—why, Helen said you wouldn't charge us any rent!

**Did the Devil Put in a Bid?**

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man faintly.

"Ninety-five dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the purchasing agent. "I have a better bid from the undertaker."

**Posting a New Voter.**

Wife—John, what is the difference between direct taxation and indirect taxation?

Hub—Why the difference between your asking me for money, and going thru my pockets while I'm asleep.

**Another Fool Question.**

"Henry, are you listening to me?" angrily demanded Mrs. Peck.

"My dear, have you ever allowed me to do anything else?" mildly remarked Henry.

**Lengthy Courtship.**

"I guess I didn't enthuse enough over the first kiss."

"What do you mean, girlie?"

"Charlie was pretty slow. I was ready for it two years before it happened."

## HOW ARE YOU?

A NEW YORK man declares that the ordinary reply to the question, "How are you?" is either trite, ungrammatical or mendacious. Frequently, too, it is elaborate and tiresome. It would be better, would it not, if more people regarded the rhymed rule in the matter, which runs:

"Don't tell your friends about your indigestion;
'How are you?' is a greeting! not a question."

**Two-Faced.**

"Grace says you're two-faced."

"Well, you believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, because I don't think you'd be going around with that one if you had another one."

**Absolutely.**

Privacy is the one cheapest thing today. Put one nickel in the telephone booth slot and you're cut off from the world.

**Mrs. Newlywed.**

"Oh, Jack, you left the kitchen door open and the draught has shut my cookery book, so that now I haven't the faintest idea what it is I'm cooking."

**The Expert.**

Doc—You cough easier this morning.

Very Patient—I ought to. I've been practicing all night.

## THE METHOD

A LADY noted for her happy wit was talking one day at a tea about the art of flattery.

"To flatter a girl," she said, "the direct compliment should be rarely used. It is too knock-down in its effect. Like a sledge-hammer, you know.

"The indirect, the delicate compliment succeeds much better. For example, a young man should never tell a girl that she has pretty legs. The girl would probably be offended. But she would think him the nicest fellow in the world if he should say to her:

"'Your new hat is simply lovely, but no one will ever notice it, unless you lengthen your skirts.'"

**The Why.**

Applicant—I see you advertise for a window-dresser.

Merchant—Yes. Have you had much experience?

"I arranged the windows in the last shop I was employed at and every woman who passed stopped and looked in."

"You're just the man we want. By the way, what line was your firm in?"

"Mirrors!"

**True.**

Sage—You can't take something from nothing.

Simon—You can come pretty close to it by taking the conceit out of some people.

## Over the Old Course.

Hubby—I must run over my accounts.

Wife—What for?

Hubby—To see if I can foot the bills.

**Readers accustomed to solving the Ledger puzzles will find them on Page 26, under the heading "Something to Make Thinkers Think."**

# Rill O' the River

(Continued From Page 4)

just as thousands of other poor weak moths have found that the game in the end is worth only bitter heart ache, shame and remorse.

To be sure money was more plentiful in the old shanty these days, but it went, somehow it went.

Pete came reeling down the shore line often of late and with his increased appetite for drink and his increased ability to obtain it he settled into more of a beast than it seemed conceivable a human being could sink.

Of all the people who frequented the shanty, Rill hated most the man they called Jake.

Jake was a foreigner. Rill could never tell to what country he owed the misfortune of his birth and if Jake himself knew he kept his own secret.

The man's brutal face possessed the repulsive qualities of all races and the refinements of none. His coarse neck was thick and bull-like and Rill fancied sometimes that his hands were really the great brutal claws of an animal.

That so loathsome a creature could own to a gentle influence like love no reasoning would believe, but Rill possessed an attraction for the man that he could not resist.

If he possessed anything so tender as a heart, jealously ruled therein from the first sight of Rill and the first observation of any attention which any other man bestowed upon her.

In some unexplainable way, which Rill had never been able to figure out, this man Jake held the whip hand over Pete.

She could remember Jake's first appearance upon the squalid house boat and Pete's nervous anxiety to please him.

"You make up to him, Rill," Pete watched his chance and told her in a hissing whisper. "You cotton to him or, by——, I'll show you who's who around this shanty and no mistake."

And Rill obeyed. She dared not disobey.

Came a time when Jake owned the girl body and soul, and tho she loathed the detestable creature, tho the very sight of his leering face and the sound of his rasping voice fell like lead in her heart Rill obeyed the man . . . there is slavery worse than death, you know.

But things were fast approaching a climax.

Rill knew that they were.

Jake's visits became more frequent, his authority more domineering.

Pete had lost whatever slight influence against the man he had possessed and he feared Jake's power, for lawless and beastly as Pete himself had become he could still see the lower depths of bestiality to which the other man had fallen.

Min, too, realized the danger tho she analyzed it in a shrewder, craftier way. Surely some women plumb the lowest depths of life just so surely as other women scale the highest heights.

Said Min:

"If anybody's goin' to' get a rake-off on Rill, it'll be us and not Jake Dabney. You hear, Pete?"

Pete heard.

But there comes a crisis in every petty affair of human life.

One night Rilletta Burns left Pete's floating shanty, left it, never to return—left it with Jake Dabney the man she loathed and abhored from the bottom of a seared and cold little heart.

For, reasoned Rill, "What's the diff? It's h—l here, it'll be h—l there, but a change of scene will help."

And Rill reasoned true.

Life with Jake Dabney was h—l, the lowest h—l of which a human being could conceive.

RILL lived, in the year that followed, lived immeasurably more than a sheltered, beloved woman could live in a lifetime; yes, a thousand lifetimes.

There are no words in the catalog of words low enough to explain Jake Dabney's mode of living and the life into which the 16-year-old Rill was thrust.

The river, the sordid unclean shanty and association with Pete and Min—these things became almost beautiful in comparison with Rill's life now.

On the floating river hovel there had been only one Jake Dabney—now there were a dozen, for all of Jake's associates were of his world.

Rill lived. But the price she paid was bitter.

The end came in Dubuque.

It was Jake's custom to shift his scene of operations from one to another of the larger towns in Iowa.

Jake Dabney was known to every police official in Iowa. The supposition might have been that he was favorably known because certainly he never had been known to suffer for any criminal offense.

A few months here and a few weeks there, he drifted about, seemingly in the most contented oblivion, from one plant to another and his work everywhere was the same despicable kind.

Tonight Jake was in a terrible mood. He raged up and down the bare little rooms of the hovel down on the river bottom which served them as a temporary shelter.

The air outside was a hazy blue from the fog that hung over the old Mississippi and inside from the smoke of the evilly-drawing old cook stove that warmed the shanty.

Jake made the air more lurid than ever now with his foul oaths and streaked it here and there with purple and red, the product of his blasphemous profanity.

For weeks Rill had been sick, fairly dragging herself about the shanty but always managing somehow to keep up.

She got Jake's supper on the table.

He lurched into a chair.

Evidently the food was not pleasing.

With an oath he seized a steaming dish of food from the table and hurled it, straight into the face of Rill, who crouched at the other side of the room.

Then something broke in the girl's pent-up heart. In the fear-filled days which followed Rill often wondered dimly what it had been and whence the strength that was hers that night had come to her.

At Rill's side on the stove was a knife, a sharp gleaming butcher knife—Jake used it sometimes to clean fish. The girl's hands closed over it involuntarily.

After his outbreak Jake had settled back again to his meal. His back was toward Rill.

There was a frenzied ringing in the girl's ears and a strange red glare flashed before her eyes as she went toward the man—the knife clutched in her hand.

CHAPTER II.

"THE ACE OF SPADES."

IT WAS a dark night.

Somehow it seemed to Rill that it was the very darkest of all the dark nights she had ever lived.

The fog which had gathered in the early evening over the great river now lay like a pall enveloping even the town in its threatening black.

The street lights, luminously pale thru the fog, tried their flickering best to pierce the blackness, succeeding miserably.

Rill ran. Her breath came in long agonized gasps. Her heart was pounding in her throat as tho it must stifle her.

There was only one thought in the mind of the girl and that was the outgrowth of the instinct which is as old as mankind itself, the instinct of self-preservation.

Rill knew that she must get away, somehow, somewhere. There was no time for consideration and she could not have considered had there been time.

Instinctively the girl made for the river and the tracks. Even in her bewilderment and the blackness of the night she knew the general direction in which she was going.

One idea forced itself into her chaotic mind, if she could find a train, going in any direction, and could once get on it, therein lay her salvation.

She was down now in the very heart of the railroad yards. She knew because a flapping sole of her clumsy shoe had caught in the first rail and sent her sprawling forward terrifically.

Rill was hurt.

Only dire necessity had enabled the girl to regain her feet. A man was coming down the track. He was whistling and he carried a lantern. Rill could see the feeble flicker of it as it swayed back and forth in the man's hand.

Somehow Rill got to her feet.

She went on, tho slowly.

Every step was a misery. There was a pain in her knee that at each movement became more and more intolerable. Reaching her hand to her temple Rill felt warm moist blood and knew that the pain in her temple must come from a cut.

She was feeling her way again. If she had been on a sidewalk or pedestrian crossing of the railroad tracks once, she had lost it now. The world seemed a continuous maze and tangle of steel rails as she stumbled on.

Rill fell again.

This time over a pile of ties. Rill crouched by them. She lacked the strength or the breath to go on even if she had wished to do so.

Her body was grateful for the few minutes rest. Gradually the girl's breath came a little easier, in less agonizing gasps and the torturing buzz that had been in her ears since the horror in the squalid little cabin back on the river front slipped away.

It was not unpleasant to lie here in the quiet where temporarily, at least, she was safe from the danger which menaced her.

The girl was exhausted mentally and physically.

She slept.

Rill did not know how long she slept, but she opened her eyes with a scream.

There was a great shrieking of whistles, clanging of bells and roar of wheels and for an instant the whole scene was light as day, illumined by the great headlight of the engine that

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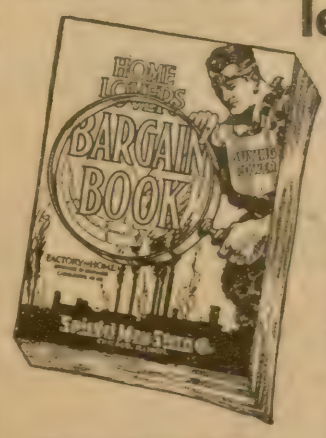


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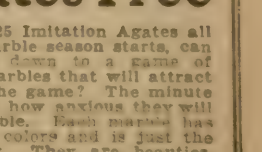

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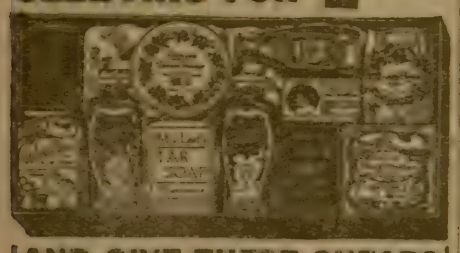

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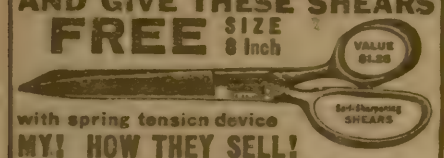


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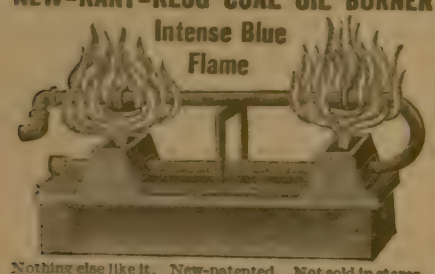


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seemed to Rill to be coming directly at her.

Rill could not move. She was paralyzed from very fear. And then the engine swept past her to lose itself in the fog—pulling the great line of cars.

The girl was so near the moving train that bits of cinders dislodged by the impact of rushing air which the train pulled along with it showered over her body.

Rill cringed back to the ties. Death had brushed close to her, but somehow the girl did not care—— Death has few terrors for folks who have seen life as Rill had seen it.

The train was slowing down. The wheels grated past less rapidly.

Finally it came to a dead stop.

It seemed to Rill that this must be the longest train that had ever been made up. The cars, flatcars and boxcars, stretched as far back and as far forward as the girl's eyes could pierce thru the fog which had not lessened.

An idea came to the girl, the first clear idea that had come to her mind during that whole, horrible, never-ending evening.

Painfully she got to her feet.

She fumbled frenziedly along the sides of the car nearest her. It seemed to her that maybe a merciful Providence, tho it had never smiled upon her before, had sent this train for her salvation.

Her heart leaped. Her fumbling hands had found the thing she sought. Pushing frantically Rill managed to slide the door a little. Her hands measured the space. It was enough to force her thin body thru if only she could muster strength to climb.

Somehow Rill accomplished what had seemed the impossible. For just as the boxcar jolted into motion the girl had managed to gain its floor with her body. For a long time she lay at the door trying to get her breath and resting from the exertion.

Rill had just begun to realize how ill she really was.

The train picked up speed. The bump-bump motion of the car and eternal grind of the wheels under her head were music in the ears of the girl. They meant a chance for freedom.

After a while Rill managed to push the door almost shut from the inside and then to pull herself back to the end of the car. She felt until her hands came to the very side of the car.

There was some excelsior litter upon the floor and pushing it together Rill made a bed, as comfortable a bed as she had ever known. She lay down, thankful for temporary safety and the chance to think it all out.

But she did not think. She was still too exhausted and the rythym of the wheels under her head made monotonous music which rested her.

RILL opened her eyes.

The first light of gray morning was creeping into the car.

Rill felt uncomfortable. She had the queer feeling some one was watching her.

She looked up and across the car.

Thru the dim light Rill could distinguish the form of a man. He had been lying at the extreme end of the car.

He got to his feet quickly and came toward Rill.

He was a mere boy, 18 or 19 as near as Rill could judge, and he had the kindest, best face she had ever seen.

"Well I'll be darned," said the boy, and then again as tho he could positively not trust his own eyes: "Well, I'll be darned. Where did you come from?"

Rill sat up jerkily.

Her retort was true to her teachings.

"What in the devil is that to you?"

The answer seemed to strike the boy square in the face. He was a bit nonplussed. "Why, why, well it's unusual to say the least, to—to find a girl riding a boxcar—a girl."

"Oh." Rill considered

"Where—where did you come from?" the boy stammered.

"You asked that once before," Rill accused. "Can't you think of anything new? After all is it any of your business?"

She was struggling to her feet.

But the pain in the wrenched keen and a sudden sideward jolt of the train sent her staggering against the wall.

The boy caught her arm.

"You're sick, that's what," the boy said.

"I guess you're right," Rill panted and sank back to the excelsior-covered floor. There was something in the boy's face, something different—she had never seen that, well, that decent look on the face of a man before.

"What are you here for?" she questioned suddenly.

The boy laughed and laughed in a surprisingly gleeful fashion.

"It's a bet," he explained. "Just a bet. I'm going to school in Des Moines. We had a bet me'n and three other fellows, frat brothers, you know——"

Rill didn't know, but she listened as attentively as the pain in her throbbing knee would allow.

"Well we had a bet up to bum five hundred miles from Friday night to Monday morning."

The boy was warming to his subject.

"We were to go out in old clothes, just like this, without a cent of money and see how we got along. Then when we get back we're to swap experiences and the rest of the bunch will decide which one wins."

"But I've got 'em all skinned a city block." The boy took a watch from his pocket and looked at it. "Five A. M. Another hour and we'll be into the yards at Des Moines. It's Monday morning and I've ended my hobo career with a sure enough adventure—the meeting of you, Queen of the C. B. & Q." He made a sweeping bow to the girl.

Rill laughed. She couldn't help herself. He was so captivatingly comical.

Then memory came flooding back and terror clutched again at her heart.

"You—you say we're coming into Des Moines?" she questioned craftily.

"You bet we are," the boy answered. "We're clankin' gaily thru East Des Moines this minute."

Even thru her terror Rill was lost in admiration of his bravado.

"How—how are you going to get off?" She tried to put the question casually, but the keen eyes of the boy saw thru her pitiful pretense instantly.

"Look here," he said. "I don't know what's the matter or what you're afraid of, but any one with half an eye can see that you're in trouble and that you're scared to death of something. What is it? You just trust me. Whatever it is I'll help you out. I swear I will."

Rill considered as she scanned his face anxiously.

The boy was handsome. With his mop of curly blonde hair, clear blue eyes and fair complexion he might even have been effeminate-looking. But his athletic body gave the lie to any such characterization. One glimpse and a 'varsity coach would have given him an instant try-out for full back in the first team.

"If you're running away from anything you won't be able to run very far alone. You look just about as strong as a canary," the boy went on. "Just you tell me what you want to do and where you're trying to go and I'll help you."

Suddenly Rill knew that she could trust him, she must trust him.

"I'm trying to get away," she whispered. The boy had to bend close to catch her words. "I—I'd rather die than—than go back where—where I came from."

"And where are you going?"

"Any place where they—the folks who know me can't find me. I'm not sick. I'll—I'll be all right in a few days. And then I can get some work."

Rill wondered afterward what there had been about this boy that had kept her from resorting to the game—the game river rats had taught her.

Maybe it was that look on his face, that decent look that held her back. Rill knew that this boy was not of her kind.

"Well that's easy," the boy laughed. He was trying to reassure her. "You just rest and let me think. I'll get you out of this somehow. You just forget it and let me do the worrying."

The train had been stopping and starting for miles now, it seemed to the girl. They must be well into Des Moines. Rill knew the coming by train into a town the size of the capital city was sometimes a tedious business. The year of her life that had belonged to Jake included two shiftings to Des Moines.

THE boy made a few observations from the slit of the partially-opened door.

"This is about our last stop I figure. I'm going to carry you to the door." He was detailing his plan hurriedly. "Then when the train stops we'll be right ready. I'll jump out and give the atmosphere the once over and if no one's in sight I'll swing you out and we'll just


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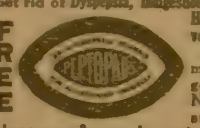

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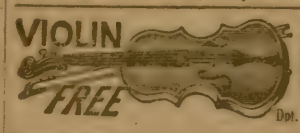


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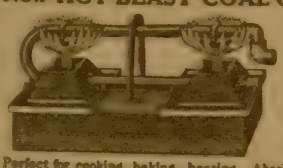

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be walking down the track. If any one says anything you just keep still and let me do the talking."

The plan worked to perfection. The train stopped and almost in a twinkle they were out and Rill was trying her best to walk without limping at the side of the boy. The pain in the wrenched knee was like a knife.

"This is East Des Moines. Don't pay any attention to him," he warned quickly. They were approaching a flagman.

The man was tired. This was the end of a long night shift. There was nothing especial to attract his eye in the mere walking of a man and a woman down the track.

They passed.

They were out of the tracks now, coming up to where there were a few buildings, then a rambling street with a few second rate places of business.

The boy stopped in front of a restaurant where a swinging sign announced "Open All Night."

"You wait here," he said. "I'm going to do some telephoning."

He went inside.

Rill crouched by the side of the building out of the range of the feeble flicker of light that came from within.

After what seemed hours to the waiting girl the boy came out.

"I have a morning paper," he explained in a whisper, "and I found a place in the want ads where they keep transient roomers. I called and they've got a room. I'm afraid it's not much of a place, but the man inside the lunchroom said it was all right if a person wanted to be where no questions would be asked, and I imagine that's just what you want. It's quite a ways from here and I knew you couldn't walk, so I've called a taxi."

Almost as he talked the taxi turned into the street and drew up at the curbing in front of them. The driver swung open the door and the boy helped Rill into the car.

"Where to?" the driver asked and his smile was most significant.

The boy gave the direction.

Rill crouched back into the car. To her the car with its soft deep cushions was a veritable moving heaven.

It seemed only a few blocks to Rill until the car stopped before a narrow weatherbeaten frame house flanked on both sides by others exactly like it.

The boy paid the taxi driver.

"I'd like to smash his impudent face," the boy muttered in response to the driver's knowing smile as he took the money.

"What?" Rill questioned.

"Nothing, only this doesn't seem like much of a place."

Rill found sudden anxious voice, "Oh it's all right. It's—it's—but I haven't any money."

The boy laughed.

"Well I have," he admitted. "I wasn't strong for that hobo stunt and I took along a little roll in case of an emergency. It's a good thing I did, too."

It was a revelation to the boy to see the power of money at a time like this.

A wisely-administered ten-dollar bill and the befrizzled and kimona-ed landlady who admitted them to the house bowed them to a narrow, stuffy little room on the third floor. She evidently required no explanations.

"If there's anything you—er sister wants, just let me know," the landlady said as she backed out of the room.

The boy's face was burning.

Again the wonder came into Rill's heart. Why, why since all her life she had played the game could she not bring herself to play it now?

"I—I can't thank you," she faltered.

"Don't try," the boy said honestly, "I'm going to get you out of this place," he said. It's an awful joint. I'd heard there were places just like this in Des Moines, but I never believed it was true until now. That woman—Ugh!

"But there wasn't anything else to do You'll be safe here until I can get back. I'm going to get my mother—my folks live here in town. Mother's in "Y" work and does no end of nice things for girls and I'll bring her over."

He stepped back startled at the change in the girl's face.

"Don't you dare!" "Don't you dare!" Rill was fairly screaming it in his face. "Think I want any highbrows comin' around here? Don't you dare. I thought there was something to this here kindness game. It looked too d—n polite——"

"Why, I won't do it if—if you feel that way about it," the boy was plainly embarrassed. "I—I just thought you'd want somebody to—to sort of look out for you."

"You've been good," Rill panted. "But don't you dare go to sicin' no highbrow social workers on me. I know their kind; if I want any prayin' done I'll do it for myself—of all the——"

The boy was hurriedly scribbling something on his card. "This is my name," he said. "And my telephone number is here, too. If there is anything I can do for you at any time just call."

He was gone.

Another minute and Rill could hear him running down the cement steps that led up to the boarding-house.

On the table lay a twenty-dollar bill and a scrap of paper.

Rill caught the paper up in her hands. The name "David O. Ryan" was scrawled upon the paper and beneath it the number, "Drake 20639."

Rill thrust the paper and the bill into the front of her dress. Staggering over to the door she bolted it and sat down to think out the future.

## CHAPTER III.

### "AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS."

ALL day Rilletta kept to her room. Not even hunger or thirst, both growing hourly more acute, could force her from it.

Without doubt this was a place where few questions were asked.

Once or twice Rilletta heard what she took to be the shuffling steps of the landlady, pass her door, but the steps never stopped in front of it and each time they passed on Rilletta drew a breath of relief.

Many people came to the house. They were a class with which Rilletta was thoroly familiar. Rilletta watched them come and go. Her room was to the front of the house and thru the dusty coarse lace curtains she had a good post of observation. She wondered if the boy would come back. But the day passed and he did not come.

When night had come and the darkness filtered thru the dingy street Rilletta slipped out of her room and down the stairs. In the dark hallway she met the landlady still in her soiled kimona. However, the frizz which in the morning had been tightly confined in curl papers now curled coquettishly about her forehead.

"Are you rested, dearie?" The landlady asked in her whining voice.

Rilletta's answer was brief. "Yes." She started on.

"Is your—your friend coming this evening? He's such a generous chap. I quite fell for him."

Without an answer Rilletta slipped past the woman. The woman was another Min—with just a shade, a bare trace more of refinement.

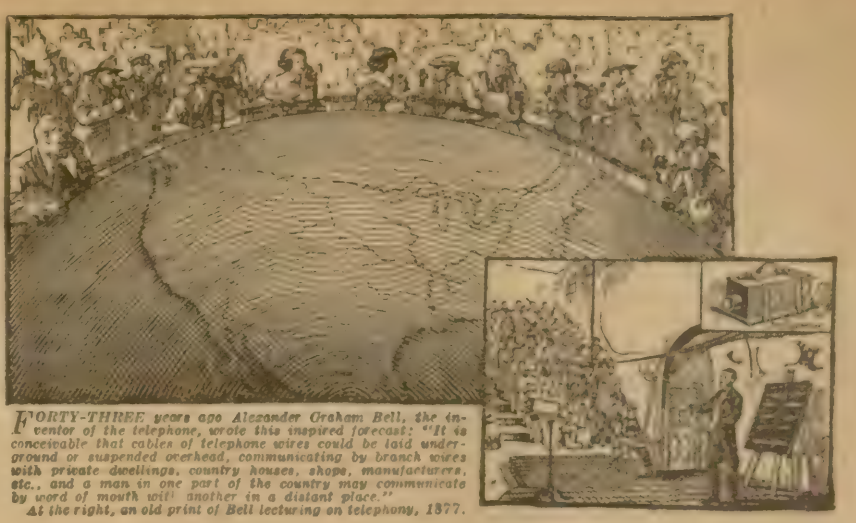
Slinking thru the street carefully counting houses and turning so that she could find her way back, Rilletta found at last a grocery store still open.

A little Italian woman was in charge. Rilletta made a few small purchases. She knew she must husband her resources. The little Italian woman looked at Rill questioningly as the girl produced the twenty dollar bill, then, laboriously she counted the change into her hands.

Rill hurried back to the room.

If the girl had had even a smattering

(Continued on Page 23.)

FORTY-THREE years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufactories, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."
At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.

# Foresight

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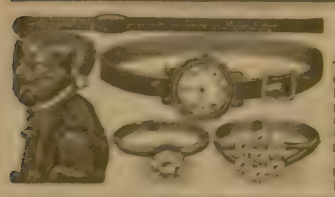

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**W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.**


# Wolves of the Sea

(Continued From Page 5)

for surely such an attack can be no plan of Estada's. It could gain him no advantage. The fellow was pillaging on his own account; if he is missed it will be supposed he fell overboard, and no one will greatly care."

"You will be able to learn? I—I shall feel better if I know the truth."

"Possibly; however it will be safer for me not to ask questions. I am not myself in too good repute aboard. You are not afraid to remain here alone?"

"No; I am not greatly frightened but shall try and bar the door with a chair. I have no key."

"Then I'll leave you; half of my watch below must be gone by now. I'll take the fellow's knife along, as it must not be found here."

We parted with a clasp of hands, as I opened the stateroom door, and slipped out into the cabin. To my surprise the light over the table had been extinguished, rendering the cabin so black I had to actually feel my way forward. This struck me as very strange, particularly as I recalled clearly that a stream of light had flashed into the after-stateroom with the entrance of the prowler. The lantern must have been put out since then by some confederate. Gunsaules would be soundly asleep long ago, and the light was supposed to burn until morning. However, there was no noise, other than the creaking and groaning of the ship's timbers, mingled with the steady tread of LeVere on the upper deck. So, after a moment of hesitation, I found my way across to my own stateroom and pressed open the door.

A misty light came in thru the port, sufficient to show me all was exactly as I had left it, and I flung off my jacket preparatory to lying down for a short rest before being recalled for the watch on deck. The hilt of the knife in my belt attracted my attention, and I drew it forth, curious to learn if it bore any mark of ownership. Whether it did, or not, I shall never know, as my eyes were instantly attracted to a dark stain on both hilt and blade.

I held it to the light—it was the stain of blood, and my hands were also reddened by it. In that first instant of horror, I hurled the weapon out thru the open port into the sea. Blood! human blood, without doubt! There had been murder committed on board, and the fellow I had struck down was seeking refuge, endeavoring to find concealment following his crime. Ay, but what about the light in the cabin? It had been extinguished after the fleeing fugitive had entered Dorothy's stateroom?

Did this mean that the slayer had an accomplice? If so, then the killing was not the result of a mere quarrel amidships, or in the forecastle; but the result of some conspiracy. I thought of Sanchez, and of Estada's plan to obtain control of the ship. Could this be its culmination? And was the Spaniard already lying dead in his cabin?

This was the only solution of the mystery which seemed probable, and yet this did not wholly satisfy my mind. Not that I questioned the fiendishness of Estada, or his coconspirator, Manuel, or their willingness to commit such a crime, but it seemed so unnecessarily brutal.

Why should they stab a man already so severely wounded as to be threatened with death? He was helpless, and in their power; neglect, or at most a simple reopening of his wounds, would be sufficient for their purpose. To attack him anew would only mean exposure, and perhaps awaken the enmity of the crew.

Nothing came of my thought—only confusion; nor did I dare investigate for fear of becoming more deeply involved in the tragedy. There had been no alarm; everything aboard was going on as usual; I could hear LeVere tramping the deck, and occasionally catch the echo of his voice, as he hailed the maintop, or gave some order to the men forward. No, there was nothing to be done; my safety, and the safety of the girl depended on our apparent ignorance of what had occurred. We must have no part in it, no knowledge or suspicion. There was nothing to do but wait the revelation of the morning. Convincing myself of this, I washed the blood stains from my hands and lay down in the bunk, fully dressed, to await my call.

Evidently the wind had decreased, as the Namur pitched but little in the sea, and I could hear the scuffling of feet indicating a new spread of canvas above. The night air, blowing in thru my open port, became so chill that I covered myself with a blanket. The vessel creaked and groaned in every joint, some of the sounds actually startling me with their resemblance of cries of human agony.

I tossed about, occasionally sitting upright to peer around in the darkness, my body bathed in cold perspiration, yet must have dropped finally off into an uneasy sleep. A sharp rapping of knuckles on the door awoke me with a start.

"Starboard watch, Senor."

"Will be on deck at once."

"Ay, ay, Senor."

I drew on a heavy pea jacket of leather, fastening it securely at the throat, and donned a wool cap. The lantern in the cabin had been relighted, and was burning brightly, and my anxious glance about the interior revealed nothing out of place. The only door led to the steward's stateroom. Feeling it best to be prepared for any eventuality, I selected a pistol from the rack, saw to its loading, and slipped the weapon into my pocket.

**This serial will be continued in next week's Ledger. Then will come the big scenes in the story, scenes in which true heroes, hopelessly outnumbered, perform some seemingly superhuman acts.**

# The Inner Circle.

(Continued From Page 9.)

course they must think we have it."

"The gold! Who got it?"

But instead of answering, the girl hurried away with a half-choked sob.

Caruth hesitated for a moment, then he followed her to the cabin.

Never, even in her brief period of exaltation of a few hours before, had she appeared to him as in this moment of abasement. Stricken by the utter failure of her plans and hopes, she yet held her head proudly erect, tho its poise suggested, not triumph, but the grand air with which nobles rode in the tumbrels to the guillotine. When Caruth, with throbbing heart, strode forward and took her in his arms, she clung to him in abandonment.

Gently he stroked her dark hair "There, there, sweetheart," he murmured. "It isn't worth it, after all. Come, deer, cheer up! There are other things in the world besides plots and plotting. Marry me at the first port we touch. Then, later, we can work together for your cause."

Gently the girl freed herself. On her fair skin the color deepened from neck to temples; her wet eyes glistened. A lock of hair had escaped and trailed down over her forehead; she put it back mechanically.

"No," she said, gently. "No, it can never be."

"Never?" Once more Caruth caught her in his arms. "By Heaven! I swear it shall be!" he shouted. "You are mine, mine! I have earned you. Your Brotherhood shall not deny me. You are mine!"

Slowly the girl raised her face, and the tragedy in her eyes appalled him. There was love in them, love unutterable, but there was also misery, hopeless and unspeakable. "I thank God for this moment," she breathed, slowly. "What ever comes. I thank Him that He has given me your love. Let come what will, I do not fear it now."

"And will you marry me at the first port?"

Gently she laid her fingers on his lips. "If it could be," she whispered—"if it could be, I would count the world well lost. But it cannot be. Don't you understand, dear? I am vowed to my people, my poor, inarticulate people who cannot speak for themselves, who can only suffer. I cannot desert them. I am sworn to them by vows as holy as those of any nun. Success might have won release, but I have failed."

Caruth straightened himself indig-


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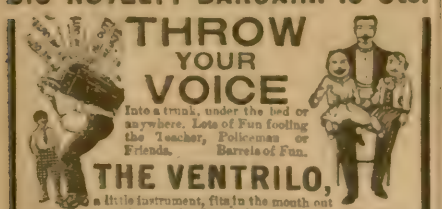

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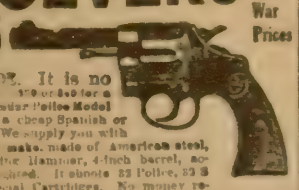

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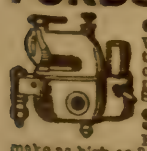

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nantly. "No," he cried. "You've not failed. You've found the ship and explored her. It isn't your fault that somebody was before you."

Slowly the girl shook her head. "It isn't a question of fault," she answered sadly. "It is a question of success, and I have not succeeded. I shall have to answer for my failure, and so will the rest—Professor Shishkin if he lives, his daughter, and her lover. I have already been summoned before the Inner Circle. The order was given me by one of the divers ten minutes ago."

She freed herself gently and stood upright, her head raised proudly. "It is over," she said, "this one dear moment, snatched from fate. Now let us put it from us forever."

"No!"

"We must. . . . You are heading for St. Petersburg, are you not?"

"For St. Petersburg?"

"Yes. We can be there by daylight tomorrow, and by breakfast you can report to your ambassador that your yacht, a private American yacht, engaged in a lawful occupation, has been attacked and fired on in Russian waters, and that three of your passengers, one of them a distinguished scientist, have disappeared. It is your only safe course. If you attempt to seek another port, you will find yourself denounced as a criminal who had fired on inoffensive fishing boats. Tell your tale first. Once your complaint is filed, they will not dare to tell theirs."

Caruth nodded. The advice was good. "All right," he agreed.

### CHAPTER XV.

THIRTY-SIX hours later the Sea Spume lay in harbor at St. Petersburg, and Caruth had told his story to the American Charge d'Affaires, who was conducting matters in the absence of the ambassador. The Charge promised immediate investigation and Caruth sat down to possess his soul in patience and wait for news.

Three days later, as he stepped out of the office of the Charge, after an unsatisfactory interview, he heard his name called.

The accents seemed familiar, and he whirled round. Then he started in amazement and held out his hand.

"Great Scott, Bristow!" he cried. "Where on earth did you spring from?"

The reporter grinned back at him. "Seems kind of funny, doesn't it?" he answered. "But, shucks, this is a small world nowadays, and you oughtn't to be surprised at meeting anybody."

Caruth disregarded the persiflage. "Well!" he declared heartily. "I don't know any man in the world I'd rather see. Your arrival is a regular Godsend. How did it come about?"

"Most natural thing in the world. The Consolidated Press man at St. Petersburg has been waiting for a year or two to come home on a month's vacation, but they never could spare him. A few weeks ago, when things were quieter than they had been for some time, I asked them to send me over to relieve him. When I told them I could speak a little Russian they agreed right away. I left New York two days after you did."

"I didn't know you wanted to come to Russia."

The reporter grinned. "I didn't know it either a month ago," he responded. "But I got married and——"

"Married? Good for you! Accept congratulations!"

"Thank you. My wife wanted to visit Russia in a hurry, and so—here we are. But that's enough about me. How about yourself? There's an incendiary tale afloat about your doings. Any truth in it?"

"Too much! Come over here and sit down, and I'll tell you the whole story."

Rapidly, Caruth poured his tale into the reporter's sympathetic ears. He kept nothing back, as he had done in his first talk in New York. He told about Wilkins' arrival; explained about the letters; and sketched rapidly the organization and the departure of the expedition and the events, so far as he knew them, that had taken place at Burndo Island.

"The situation is all in a muddle," he ended. "I suppose Wilkins got away with the gold, tho I can't imagine how he did it. And I suppose the Professor was knocked overboard and drowned. But I can't understand what has become of the girl."

Bristow leaned back in his chair. "If I remember correctly," he premised slowly, "I favored you in New York with certain moralizations on the way events fit in together. I'll add to that now that if you hunt back far enough, you can find a common cause for a good many events that at first blush seem unrelated. You don't know it, of course, but I have a direct personal interest in this affair. You see, I have known Professor Shishkin and his daughter for several years. In fact, Miss Shishkin is now my wife."

"What!" Caruth half rose from his seat.

"Take it easy! I don't mean that the girl you had on board this yacht is my wife. God forbid! As a matter of fact, that lady is not Professor Shishkin's daughter at all. She is an alleged actress, drafted from the music hall stage by the Professor and cast for the part of his daughter. Now perhaps you begin to see a glimmer of light."

But Caruth shook his head. "No, I don't," he returned. "Why should Professor Shishkin palm off somebody else as his daughter?"

"It's simple enough. The Nihilists had ordered the Professor to bring his daughter with him on this trip, and he didn't want to do it. Just why he objected, I'm not sure, tho I have my suspicions; but he did object most strenuously. But he didn't dare to refuse either to go on this expedition or to refuse to take his daughter. He was half mad when I went to him and asked for Olga. To cut it short, he agreed that I might marry her if I would find a substitute who looked like her, and who would go in her place. I did find such a substitute in the person of Miss Florence Lee, the lady who accompanied your expedition. She was always a cold-blooded calculating piece, for all her mask of flippancy, and I guess she and Wilkins framed it up between them to sell out. Now do you see?"

"Yes, I see." Caruth spoke heavily. "Why didn't you put me on?" he asked. "If I had known, I might have prevented all this."

"You couldn't have prevented it. I'm

(Continued on Page 24.)


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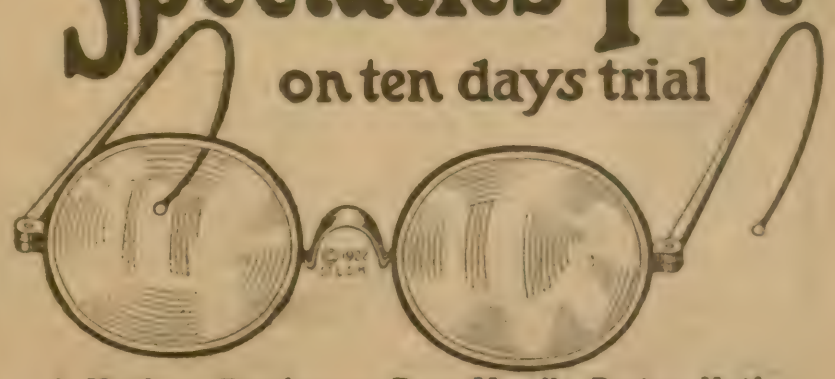

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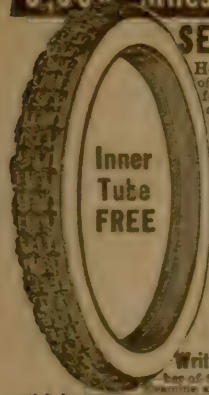


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# The Resistance Kid

(Continued From Page 13)

way you ask. I'll—I'll do anything. I'll——"

"All right, Anne," Jimmie interrupted. "There is only one way that you can make me believe that your love is sincere and lasting. You must not say anything to anybody. You must let me alone entirely. You must let me go on thru, even if the chair is at the other end."

"But, Jimmie, I want you! I——"

"You poor kid, you are too good for me. It's too late, anyhow, Anne. Listen: would you rather have me alive and doubting your love, or would you rather know that when I went to the chair—if I do go—that I went with no doubt of your love? It is a hard bargain, Anne, but you must promise to say nothing if you want me to believe that you really love me."

"But, why? why? Why, Jimmie, must you die if I can save you?" Anne had lost her grip and was crying half hysterically now as she clawed at the heavy iron screen with frail white fingers.

"Don't ask me why, little girl," the prisoner almost pleaded. "You would not understand if I told you. It is the only way, Anne. You must let me go."

A matron entered at this moment. "Time's up, Miss."

"You promise, Anne?" Jimmie asked.

"Yes, Jimmie, I promise," little Anne Billings moaned. "I don't understand; I cannot see why it must be this way. But I promise." In her small voice was the dead note of hopeless, tearless despair.

"Good-by, Anne. You're a good little girl."

THE case of the State versus James Read was short and snappy. The week after the death of Sylvia Hamberton Jimmie was in the death cell at the State Prison.

He had requested that the execution take place as soon as possible. The judge and jury were amenable on this point. A day two weeks hence was named.

Now that it was all over but—as Jimmie said—the fireworks, the prisoner sat in his cell day after day and lived over and over again his life from the day he ran away from the orphan's home. He slept fitfully, muttering in his sleep. The fact that the chair awaited him was not the cause of this unhealthy restlessness. No, it was the persistent dream in which a little silver-haired lady and the tear-dimmed eyes of Anne Billings haunted him.

Strangely enough, thoughts or dreams of Sylvia Hamberton did not trouble him. He did not awaken to see her shadowy form pointing the finger of accusation at him from a dark corner of the cell. He did not cry out her name in the hours of the night. He was not even sure now that he ever loved Sylvia Hamberton. Perhaps his love had died with her, perhaps he had not loved her at all. At any rate, he thought little of her now. She and the pea-green roadster shimmered only dimly on the horizon of the past, like a vague mirage that grew more diffused and unreal momentarily. And coming more and more in his thoughts and dreams was little Anne Billings and the silver-haired lady of the House of Hamberton.

The lynx-eyed guards that paced up and down the corridor before "death" row, wondered at the mutterings of the slumbering Resistance Kid. What did he mean by "black knitted gloves?" What dreams caused him to whisper now and then, "you'll promise me, Anne?"

There were three other condemned men on the row. One of these, old Clarence Reilly, had known Jimmie for many years. During the day Jimmie and old Clarence were permitted to converse, Reilly being in the cell next to Jimmie's.

"Only one thing I'm complainin' about, Kid," said old Clarence, standing at the barred cell door and directing his voice toward the door to Jimmie's cell. "I don't like the chair here. O' course, I ain't never tried the chair here yet, but I hear tell that it don't always work jist right. In the first place, they ain't got no decent or dependable juice here. The old motor they have here has shot the juice into so many guys that it's about worn out.

"Ye see, Kid," old Clarence went on garrulously, "it's the 'resistance', see? Now take poor old 'Soup' Dunnigan fer example. Soup was a small guy, too, but when they threw the juice into him t'other mornin' that old worn-out motor whined and groaned like a dozen dyin' men. It must be the 'resistance'. It'd a turrible sound, Kid, comin' like that in the early mornin' when all's quiet-like and most everybody inside the walls is sleepin'. Makes it hard fer us guys who are waitin' fer our turns. Yes, sir, it whined and groaned so loud that the guys in the main wing woke up and howled like they always do when that old motor whines here in the early mornin'.

"Funny thing—creepy, too—the way the whole cellhouse wakes up and howls when they hear that whine of the old motor. I used to howl, too, when I was doin' my first stretch here and heard that awful whinin'. Just couldn't help it. It's like as if the boys in the main wing are protestin' against the killin' and at the same time howlin' 'so long!' to the poor guy strapped in the chair. First the motor whines and the boys howl, then it's all quiet fer a bit; then the motor whines ag'in and the boys howl ag'in. Then it's all so quiet-like around this old hoosegow that a guy can jist hear death whisperin' to him. It's h—l, I says.

"Now, this whinin', as I said before, Kid, must be caused by the resistance in a man's body. A real, livin', healthy man throws back an awful load on that old motor. It's like as if the guy's life or soul or something is fighting back against the juice. Or maybe it is some big power that me and you don't know nothin' about that fights back. Whoever or whatever made men naturally don't want men's lives kicked out with a shot of electric juice. It fights fer the guy in the chair, this power, but it always loses.

"When poor old Soup Dunnigan hobbled out o' here t'other mornin' he says to me as he passed my cell, he says, 'Listen fer the whine, Clarence, old-timer. It'll be my good-by to you.' Well——"

"Here, Reilly," the guard interrupted, "you're talkin' too much. If you want to talk, fer the love o' common sense and a guy's nerves, change the subject!"

"It's the 'resistance'," Jimmie mused as he sat hunched on the narrow bunk in his cell. "Resistance is a funny thing, come to think of it."

So the days passed.

LITTLE Anne Billings, pale, hollow-eyed and thin, sat beneath the weeping willow in Garfield Park. Tho she watched with dull eyes the mansion across the way, she watched only listlessly. Jimmie was there no more. The pea-green roadster stood cold and unheeded in the garage. Nurses she saw occasionally on the large veranda, and now and then the old Hamberton family physician was seen to enter or leave the house.

Several times since Jimmie was taken to the great stone prison Anne had risen from the bench and rushed frantically toward the big policeman in the park, only to waver, halt, then turn back to the bench beneath the weeping willow. Once she found her way to the door of the district attorney's office and knocked timidly. When an officious office boy confronted her she falteringly explained that she had made a mistake, knocked at the wrong door. She had promised Jimmie that she would say nothing.

Time went on relentlessly until one cold morning found Anne before daylight sitting on the bench in the park. She was vaguely aware that several automobiles were parked on the drive in the Hamberton grounds, that lights shown from many windows of the mansion. But Anne gave little heed to this. She looked every few minutes at the cheap wristwatch she wore. It was near 4 o'clock. Jimmie was to die at five. Could she keep her promise to Jimmie?

Several professional looking men emerged from the house across the way and walked across the street. They were talking in low tones as they passed near the huddled figure on the bench beneath the weeping willow.

"Shock," Anne heard one of the men say. "Too much for her. Mrs. Hamberton was not long for this world, anyway. Been in very poor health for a number of years. Yes, died half an hour ago. She——"

The speaker was interrupted by the sudden appearance before him of a white-faced girl. Anne made several attempts to speak, but failed. She slipped to the ground even as she thrust an envelope at the man.

* * * * * * * *

"It whines," Jimmie was thinking as he paced back and forth across the narrow cell. "It's the resistance that makes it whine. Wish those guys would hurry," petulantly. "It must be about time."

They came. It was not the death party, however. Warden Dresden and two guards stopped before the cell door.

Wonderingly, Jimmie was led from the cell. A minute later he was blinking in the bright light of the warden's private office. The district attorney and several police officers and guards looked at him curiously as he entered. He could hear the voices of other men in a nearby room.

"Know anything about this, Read?" the district attorney asked handing the prisoner a soiled piece of pink writing paper.

Jimmie read what was written on the


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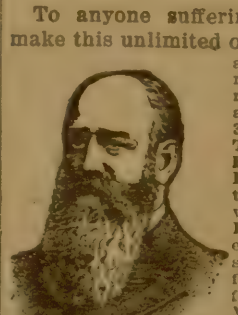

paper and passed it back to the attorney.

"No. Never saw it before."

"Mrs. Hamberton died about an hour ago, Read," said Warden Dresden. "The girl who had this sheet of paper concluded that she could give it to somebody to read since Mrs. Hamberton is dead."

"Mrs. Hamberton dead?" the prisoner asked dazedly.

"Yes, Read, she passed away this morning."

Jimmie sank wearily into a chair that some one placed for him.

"Read," the district attorney asked, "why did you do this?"

"Why?" Jimmie ejaculated. Then more calmly: "Because Mrs. Hamberton treated me white. Because she trusted me. Because I wanted to repay her somehow. Because I knew that if she ever knew how her daughter came to her death she would suffer worse than death, worse than I could suffer in the chair. She was the proudest, whitest, squarest little lady alive, that's why. Because she loved her daughter more than she loved her own life. Why should she know the truth if I could prevent it?

"Now that she is dead, I can tell a few things." And Jimmie told of his love for Sylvia Hamberton, of his disillusionment.

"Sylvia would not let me see her mother," he ran on. "I thought that if I could only explain to Mrs. Hamberton she would understand. Gee! I didn't know that Sylvia did not love me, and I wanted to do the right thing by the little lady, wanted to at least try to square myself. So I went back to the house, determined to see Mrs. Hamberton. I knew the butler had been told to keep me out. So I went thru the servants' quarters and headed for Mrs. Hamberton's suite upstairs. I heard a shot in Sylvia's boudoir. I went in. She was dead. I found that note in her hand. I read just the last paragraph and understood why she killed herself. But it would never do to let the little lady know the truth. I stripped the jewels from Sylvia and got other jewels from the dresser. That's all. Neulin and the cop came just when I wanted them to come. I tried to get rid of the note while I talked to Anne Billings on the veranda. Dropped it in the shrubbery on a chance shot that it would not be found. I knew I would be searched at the jail; had the note in my cap."

The attorney and several others gulped. Mr. Victor Hamlin was led in from the adjoining room. Hamlin was not now the nonchalant lady-killer.

The district attorney passed the note to Hamlin. "Mr. Hamlin, please read this again and tell us what you know. Hamlin read:

Mother:

I cannot ask you to forgive. I can only hope that after I am gone you will remember me as your own spoiled little girl, and will perhaps try to forgive.

I cannot face it, mother—the future. The Sylvia you brought into the world, the little girl to whom you never denied anything, died several weeks ago. The woman who takes the coward's way out tonight—suicide—is not your Sylvia; she is merely an unwholesome husk of the daughter who played with life—and lost.

Mother, you told Anne Billings not long ago of the door that women must not approach. I approached the door, mother, and it was opened and I entered. Little Anne Billings was better, far better, than I.

I loved Victor Hamlin. He made me his slave, then threw me aside. I fell, mother, and he spurned me for my weakness.

Good-by, mother, and God bless you.

Your heartless little girl,

SYLVIA.

Hamlin's head hung low as he passed the paper back.

"Well," the attorney snapped.

"It is true," muttered Victor Hamlin.

The big warden turned to Jimmie and placed his hand on his shoulder. "We'll not discuss what you did, Read," he said. "Words cannot tell the fineness of your act. Enough to say that no criminal could do what you have done for that friend of yours—the little gray-haired lady. It may take a day or two to get it all straight so that you can go, Read. In the meantime, there is some one waiting for you in there," pointing toward a closed door.

Jimmie arose silently and entered the room indicated, closing the door after him. In a large chair in the far corner of the room sat a lone little figure, a wan smile on her lips and blue eyes shining thru tears of happiness.

Jimmie sobbed just once as he crossed the room and knelt before her, his face hidden in her lap. And little Anne Billings stroked the tousled hair of him who was once the Resistance Kid.

THE END.

❦ ❦ ❦

## They Advanced.

HE WAS a mendicant, and had his overcoat thrown around so that no one could tell whether he had one arm or two. He stopped on the corner and requested a pedestrian to furnish an old soldier enough money to pay for a night's lodgings, and he proceeded to explain:

"You see, it was this way: My regiment was on the right flank. The Huns brought up about one hundred guns, to play on us. If they could break us up they could win the battle. The colonel realized this, and he called for our legion to advance and take the guns."

"And you advanced?" questioned the pedestrian.

"Yes, we advanced," replied the mendicant. "We advanced like a stone wall. Nothing could stop us. The guns of the Germans used grape shot, but we did not mind that. Our men fell like autumn leaves, but still we advanced. We had almost reached the guns, when—when ——"

"When what took place?" was queried.

Just what took place, then and there, was that the mendicant hurried down the street, and a policeman advanced and said that the man had never been in the army at all, and if he could arrest him, his sentence would be for six months at the least.

❦ ❦ ❦

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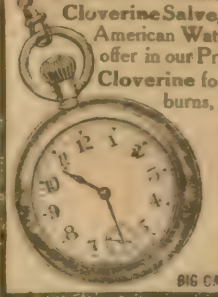

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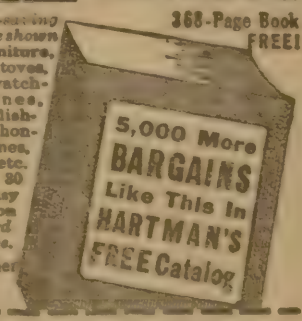


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"I want you to know what your treatment has done for me. I had suffered with piles for many years and used suppositories and all kinds of treatments, but never got relief until I tried yours. Am now completely cured. Although I am 88 years old and the oldest active blacksmith in Michigan, I feel years younger since the piles left me. I will surely recommend it to all I know who suffer this way. You can use my letter in any way you wish and I hope it will lead others to try this wonderful remedy."

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Name.....

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# Cerberus Guards the Stir

(Concluded From Page 7)

gate Cerberus bayed. The warden shook his head sadly, regretfully, and turned away.

The morning brought no news. Ball was a little less resentful, a bit more resigned. He was more for waiting for word regarding Spuds Brook and the girl from the outside. But Deputy Warden Welch was a motivating force.

"We've had lots of escapes," he said. "But we could always tell how they had been done. This one is the most evasive thing. Say, we didn't think of the sewer, yesterday. Even with your new bars over the end, where it empties into the river, they might hope to remain a while and later come up thru a drop."

Ball agreed to a search and men went down. They were added to those who were searching every nook and cranny of the big prison for the possible hideout. At night they came back bedraggled and filthy.

"Nothing down there but rats and bad smells," was the report. The men who had tapped walls, overturned lumber, and searched in dozens of other places during the day had found nothing more exciting. Neither did they on the day following. On the third day the police ran down a pair of vagrants who got the workhouse because they rode on Jake Wetherholt's truck on the day of the escape.

SO time went on with no solution. Then, on the eighth day, Deputy Warden Welch was called away just as Warden Ball started to open the morning's mail. Across the yard he went to a new garden which had been started by the late Spuds. Back across the yard he hurried a few minutes later. A moment after that Warden Ball's telephone rang, and he heard an excited voice say: "Welch speaking. Come over by the east gate and I'll show you how they escaped!"

Three minutes later Warden Ball was beside him. Welch was standing in the shadow of the great wall, and had kicked over on its side the large doghouse occupied by Cerberus. On the spot where the house had stood was the entrance to a tunnel which ran away in the direction of the great wall. The wooden floor of the dog-house had been sawed out in a circle, which now fell away like the head of a barrel. Before Ball could speak a guard, whom Welch had chosen to aid him, emerged.

"It goes right under the wall and up between ties on the storage switch. A piece of tin was over the other end, but the whole business has been covered by cars most of the time, I guess."

"But how——"

"They called me just now," explained Welch, "and wanted to move a lot of dirt over in the new garden that wouldn't grow anything. I recognized it as clay, which we always find when we dig foundations for new buildings. Then it all came back to me that Spuds had been doing some deep digging, and using the garden as a dumping ground, hiding this poor soil temporarily with a thin layer of loam."

"And the location?"

"Just a hunch. Had to start looking for the tunnel somewhere, and I remembered how often Spuds seemed to be stopped over near the doghouse with his barrow. Doubtless he did a lot of this work at night, and we may have passed right by him when he was wheeling the dirt in the daytime. But we trusted him."

Wholly unmindful of the overturned home, Cerberus was enjoying his breakfast near by, fed by the negro convict who had replaced Spuds. As the warden looked that way Cerberus, of noble ancestry and ancient name, turned and gazed at him. For a moment he stopped chewing a huge bone, and his large brown eyes softened. Upon the man who had provided him with such a proud position, so wonderfully victualled, he bestowed a glance which bared the full measure of his gratitude.

Lest Welch might note the shameful look, Ball turned quickly to the guard and said: "See that they make ready to fill this tunnel with brick and crushed stones at once."

As the two officials started back across the yard the colored man who had been feeding Cerberus patted him on the head and said: "Good ol' doggie. Good ol' Bavarian lunch hound. Boy, yo' sho' enjoy yo' meals!"

At that moment Warden Ball was handing Deputy Welch a letter. "From Spuds, this morning," he said.

It read:

> Dear Warden, excuse me for escaping, but I did it for Julie. She is better, and is furnishing the money to get a little place somewheres and i kin work for Us both. We aint nowhere near the town this is sent from. Hope Cerberus gets along. Give him plenty of meet, as he's use to it. Regards to Mr. Welch from Julie and me.

There had been such a great change in Warden Ball recently that Deputy Welch was surprised when the former struck his desk and swore, as they read the letter again.

The warden swore. But it was with less vehemence and more understanding than on the day of his escape.

"My—I wish——"

Deputy Welch stepped over affectionately. Laying a hand on the shoulder of the younger man he said: "My dear boy, some day you'll learn that it's impossible to operate such an imperfect institution as a penitentiary perfectly."

"Not that," said Ball. "Here I've gone and organized my staff of human bloodhounds to follow up escapes——"

He paused, as he passed the perfectos; continued the silence as he lit a match. Then before he passed the match to Welch he slid before it the letter of Spuds Brook. As it burned down to one small corner he tossed the whole into his wastebasket.

"I've gone and organized my staff to follow up escapes," said Warden Ball, 'and haven't got a d—n soul to 'sic' them on!"

Before the older man flashed a vision of Spuds amid the flowers waving at a slender woman in the door of a white cottage—a cottage far off which they should never see, nor seek to see—a woman if he could make it out, with something in her arms——

"But," cut in Warden Ball, "there's one thing I wish you would do See that the famous prison dog gets back to the kennel. Sell him, give him away—or, maybe you can trade him in on a ferocious canine, with fluffy hair and a pink ribbon—named Fifi!"

# Rill O' the River

(Continued From Page 17.)

still dropping inquires as to when Rill expected her "friend."

There came a knock at Rill's door.

The girl's first thought was of the boy himself, a sudden queer longing filled her heart to see the boy again.

Rilletta opened the door.

On the threshhold stood a girl barely as old as Rill herself. Even in the dim light Rill could see that the girl was very pretty. She had black waving hair and snapping black eyes, and she was little and lithe and graceful in her movements.

Almost before Rill could open the door the girl had bounced in. Her merry laugh startled Rill, for to hear carefree laughter was a new thing to Rill.

"'Scuse me for buttin' in like this," the girl laughed and flopped herself gracefully on Rill's bed. "But I saw you slippin' out tonight and then slippin' in and I thought, 'Well that girl looks just as lonesome as I feel, so I'll go right over and call.'"

The girl laughed, a merry little throaty laugh that somehow warmed the very innermost center of Rill's cold little heart. Rill caught herself even smiling.

The girl talked on.

"You just came the other day, didn't you? I thought I hadn't seen you before. Well, I've only been here a week myself and I've been so lonesome I could just have gone and thrown myself in the river. But I'm glad I didn't now, because you've come. I knew the minute I saw you that I'd like you."

Rill sat down heavily. She wanted to study this chattery little creature.

The strange girl was dressed in a shabby blue serge dress, little better than Rill's own, but frilly cotton lace of an education she would have sought the agency of the evening newspapers to learn the thing she desperately wanted to know, the learning of which would perhaps have saved her days of suspense and hiding. But Rill did not even think of the newspaper.

Once safely back in her room Rill ate sparingly of the lunch she had bought and put the rest up for the next day. Within the heart of the girl was growing a great longing for freedom. Oh to be free forever of Jake and his ilk. Surely there was some way, some way she could live.

The way came more quickly and more easily than Rill had imagined.

It was the end of the third day Rill had spent in the room alone. During this time she had seen only the landlady, deferentially polite to her and


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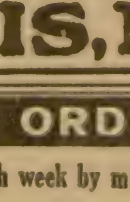

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cuffs and collar gave the dress almost a festive appearance.

Rill wondered quickly how much they cost and whether she could afford a set out of the dwindling twenty.

"I came from a little town and I don't like it here very well," the stranger was saying. "But I haven't any place to go. My mamma died last fall——" tears flooded her eyes, "And papa and me would have gotten along all right, but he went and got married. I just hate her, so I ran away." The girl stamped her little foot. "I said if he didn't think enough of my mamma to even wait a year, well, I didn't care whether I lived or died, and I hope she runs him a merry old race."

Rill sympathized as best she could. If her words were not adequate at least her feelings were.

The girl went on:

"So I come here. I've got a job, it's not much of a job, but it's better'n nothing. It'll keep me until I find something better and anyway it'll pay for a room here."

The girl looked over her shoulder at the door, anxiously. She came over to Rill.

"I—I don't like this place very well," she whispered. "I—I think they're funny here. What—er I mean to say, do you like it?"

**What was the fate of Jake Dabney, the bad man? Was he slain, or merely rendered unconscious by a knife thrust? Will a strange romance develop between Rilletta and the young student who befriended her? What is in store for the pretty country girl who fled from a comfortable home to make her own way in a cruel world? What about the mysterious rooming-house in which the two girls have taken up their abode? Truly, this appears to be another gripping serial. You'll say it is before the story is all told. Another big installment next week.**

# THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

## UNDER OBLIGATIONS

SOME people seem to be in a constant state of fear of being under social obligations to their friends and acquaintances. Such people do not really enjoy other people's parties because while they might be having a good time they are worrying over the fact that in enjoying the hospitality of others they are putting themselves under obligations. And they don't let a day pass after returning from a dinner or dance or card party or other entertainment at a friend's house before they are figuring out how they can square their indebtedness.

Take Mr. Jones, for instance. He is a man without capital and supports a fairly large family on only a moderate salary. He lives across the way from the Smiths, who have no children and quite a fortune. When Mr. Smith, driving in his motor car, overtakes Mr. Jones in the morning as the latter is hurrying to catch his train to the city he quite cordially invites him to ride. Jones is, of course, glad, and he thanks Mr. Smith. But so worried is Mr. Jones with the thought that he is putting himself under obligations to Mr. Smith that he actually shows this distress in his face and manner. The Smiths ask the Joneses to a little evening party, and, urged by Mrs. Jones, Mr. Jones consents to go. All the time he is trying to figure out how he can afford to give a party as elaborate at which to repay Mr. Smith for his hospitality.

Now Mr. Jones forgets that obligations need not always be paid in kind. Obviously Mr. Smith knows Mr. Jones is not a man of means, for Mr. Jones has never attempted to deceive any one on that score. Obviously Mr. Smith likes Mr. Jones and Mr. Jones could repay Mr. Smith for his kindness by being in his best and most entertaining mood when he rides in Mr. Smith's motor, and by bringing good spirits and enthusiasm to Mr. Smith's little party.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that because you cannot repay in kind that you need not repay at all. Rich people as well as any one else like to feel that their courtesies are appreciated. It is very humiliating to them to think that people take all they can get from them without thought of obligation, but often the payment they would like most is one that merely means the expenditure of good spirits and thoughtfulness.

# The Inner Circle.

(Continued From Page 19.)

absolutely certain that your expedition has been watched, almost from the first. It was madness for Miss Fitzhugh to think she could succeed. Beside, you didn't take me into your confidence or ask my advice; and, even if you had, I should probably have been compelled to keep silence for the sake of my wife and father-in-law. For—make no mistake about this, Caruth—what I have told you must go no farther. The Professor may be dead as you suppose, but Olga is alive, and I don't want to draw any Nihilist vengeance on her. You mustn't talk."

"I won't."

"The situation is reasonably clear now, isn't it, except about how those fellows got the gold and where they have taken it? But I guess you'd better put the gold out of your mind. Wherever it is, it is out of reach, and a good thing, too. Of course, as a matter of salvage, the finder of an abandoned wreck is entitled to the bigger part of her value. But when the finders have been deliberately responsible for the wreck, the ethics of the case get mixed. I think you'll be glad some day that you missed it."

"Perhaps! If I get the girl! Not unless. Great Scott, Bristow. I'd do worse than steal for Marie's sake! You've just been married yourself, and you know how it is."

Bristow grinned. "So it's got to the 'Marie' point, now, has it? By the way, where is the lady?"

"Gone! The moment we got here, she left the ship, saying that she had been summoned before the Inner Circle—whatever that is."

Bristow whistled softly. "I suppose you will wait for her to return?" he questioned.

"I shall. I have nothing else to wait for. The whole trip has been a flat failure, and there is nothing for me to do but to sneak back to New York with my colors at half mast. I wouldn't mind if she would go with me, but I fear——" His voice died gloomily away.

"Well, don't feel too badly about it. Other men have failed before and will fail hereafter. You aren't the only one. Have you found out who she is yet?"

Caruth shook his head. "I don't care." he answered frankly. "She told me her mother was an American, and—oh, well, she is she. That's enough."

"I might find out for you," suggested the reporter. "I've got sources of information that most men haven't. I've only been here a short while, but I've learned a lot about the Nihilists. Forbes, my predecessor here, established relations with them and built up a wonderful news system, to which, of course, I have fallen heir."

"Do the Nihilists trust you?"

"Certainly. Revolutionists all over the world trust American newspaper men. It's positively marvelous how the most secretive conspirator will put his life in our hands. It speaks pretty well for the profession."

Caruth leaned forward, agog with hope. "Then—then—perhaps you can find her for me."

Bristow frowned slightly. "Perhaps I can," he admitted. "But I don't want to. I don't suppose there's any use in talking. You wouldn't take my advice in New York, and I don't suppose you'll take it here. But all the same, I'm going to suggest once more that you'd better let the lady go. As I understand it, she has refused to marry you and has gone to her own people. Why not go back home and forget her? Candidly, old man, I can't see anything but ruin ahead for you if you go on."

As the reporter, spoke, a slow flush spread over Caruth's cheeks. He had matured a good deal in the past month. "Thank you," he replied stiffly. "I don't doubt that your advice is good. I should probably give it to another man under the same circumstances. But please understand, once for all, that it is not for me. The only question is, will you help me or shall I have to seek further?"

"Oh, I'll help, confound you!" returned the reporter. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to get me a chance to talk to Miss Fitzhugh. If she needs help, I want to get to her and give it."

"Humph! Well, the Lord watches over


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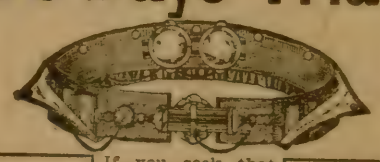

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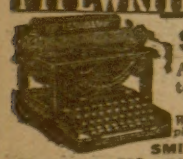

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children, lovers, and—well, fill the blank yourself. As it chances I can give you some news. I was debating whether to tell you or not. Miss Fitzhugh is charged by the Brotherhood with responsibility for the loss of the gold. A special meeting is to be held to consider her case."

"Well?"

"When any one has failed at anything and is summoned before the Inner Circle, it means that he or she is to be entrusted with some forlorn hope—like throwing a bomb or something—not as a punishment, you understand, but as a desperate chance to retrieve the failure."

Caruths' face was white, but his jaws were set. "Does she have to take this duty?" he questioned. "Is it all settled?"

"Not yet. But it will be. And she'll take it, all right. There is no real doubt."

"When and where does the Inner Circle meet? Can you find out? I want to be present."

The reporter straightened himself. "That's impossible," he declared.

"Nothing is impossible!" There was an accent in Caruth's voice that Bristow had never heard before. "Send word at once that I wish to appear before the Council. Say that I am very rich and will be glad to contribute heavily to the cause. Let them name their price and I will pay it."

Bristow weakened, impressed in spite of himself. "By Jove!" he cried. "It might be done, after all. But you understand that if you were caught at one

(Continued on Page 28)

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**No. 9431.**—Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

**No. 1271.**—Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires ⅝ yard 36-inch material for trousers and 1 yard 36-inch material and 2¼ yards plaiting for waist. Price 12 cents.

**No. 9379.**—Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch material for skirt and 1½ yards 36-inch material for blouse. Price 12 cents.

**No. 1259.**—Misses' or Small Women's Dress. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material with 2 yards wide braid and 3¾ yards narrow braid. Price 12 cents.

**ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS**

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 230 South Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed find ..... Send me the Patterns listed below:

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Pattern number ..... Size ..... Price 12 cents.

Name .....

Street or P. O. Box .....

Town ..... State .....

Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.


# GIRL HAD PAINFUL TIMES

**Mothers—Read This Letter and Statement Which Follows**

Portland, Indiana.—"I was troubled with irregularity and constipation and would often have to lie down because of pains. One Sunday my aunt was visiting us and she said her girls took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got well, so mother said she guessed she would let me try it. It is doing me good and I praise it highly. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial."—STELLA NEWTON, R. R. 8, Portland, Indiana.

Mothers—You should carefully guard your daughter's health. Advise her of the danger which comes from standing around with cold or wet feet, from lifting heavy articles, or overworking. Do not let her overstudy.

If she complains of headache, pains in back or lower limbs, or if you notice a slowness of thought, nervousness or irritability on the part of your daughter, give her careful attention.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for your daughter to take, as it is especially adopted to relieve just such symptoms. Remember it contains nothing that can injure and can be taken in safety.

TALKING MACHINE FREE

A REAL MACHINE WHICH REPRODUCES TALKING, SINGING AND DANCE MUSIC PERFECTLY

This is the old reliable company—we treat you right.

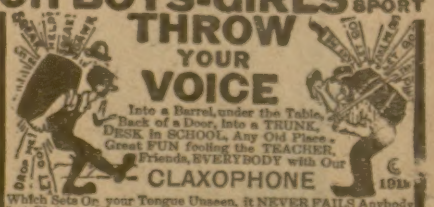
Plays any size or make disc record. Strongly and durably made, will give you pleasure for years. Fully guaranteed. We give machine with record free for selling only 40 packets of Golden Spot Seeds for us at 10c per pack. No money required, WE TRUST YOU. Write for seeds today. When sold, send $4.00 collected and Talking Machine, complete, is yours.

We pay the postage on everything.

Lancaster County Seed Co., Sta. 20, PARADISE, PA.

OH BOYS-GIRLS GREAT SPORT

THROW YOUR VOICE



Into a Barrel, under the Table, Back of a Door, into a TRUNK, DESK in SCHOOL, Any Old Place. Great FUN fooling the TEACHER, Friends, EVERYBODY with Our CLAXOPHONE

Which Sets On your Tongue Unseen, It NEVER FAILS Anybody Imt. Birds etc. The CLAXOPHONE, with Full Instructions, a Set Of SECRET-WRITING TRICK, (beats Invis. Ink) a MAGIC-DIAL Trick, (a Great Money maker) ALSO, This Marvelous Novelty-

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER "X-RAY" CURIO

With IT you Apparently See thro Clothes, See the bones in your Fingers, Lead in Pencil, etc. No end of fun

3 FOR 25c. BIG FUN

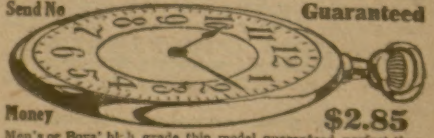
WE SEND ALL ABOVE Novelties by pre-paid Mail for 10c. 3 For 25 cts. A nice Souvenir Free with each 25 ct. order.

CLAXO TRICK CO. DEP. L-Y. NEW HAVEN, CT.

WE GIVE The BEST and MOST for The MONEY.

**Beautiful Thin Watch**

Send No Money



Guaranteed $2.85

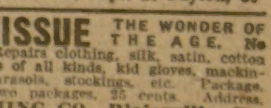
Men's or Boys' high grade thin model guaranteed perfect time keeper, only $2.85. Popular 16 size, solid silveroid thin model case. Open face, stem wind and set. High-grade guaranteed movement.

**FREE**—Elegant vest chain and knife given absolutely free with each watch ordered. SEND NO MONEY—simply pay postman $2.85 on arrival and the watch, knife and chain is yours.

UNIVERSAL WATCH CO., 533 S. Peoria St., Dept. 100, Chicago, Ill.

$7.50 A DAY AND FREE AUTO

Men and women to distribute samples in city and farm homes. We furnish auto and show you how to coin money. No experience necessary. Write for full particulars, don't wait.



GET THIS FREE CAR

JIFFY SOAP PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 4, Dayton, O.

**MENDING TISSUE** THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

of these meetings, it would mean death or life in prison——"

"I'll take the risk! I'll take any risk! Only get me the chance."

**Readers of the story will be anxious to know just what happened if Caruth succeeded in gaining a hearing from the powerful Inner Circle. To confess the slightest knowledge of the Brotherhood's secret doings would probably mean the young American's immediate death. The sixth installment of the story—coming next week—will probably take the reader behind the sombre veil that conceals the Circle's mysterious acts.**

# Is This Your Type?

BY MARIE LA ROQUE

## The Grecian Nose

THAT the Greek nose was almost as unusual among the ancient Greeks as it is among present-day Americans is generally conceded by those who have taken the trouble to study the facial characteristics of the citizens and citizenesses of Athens and Sparta and the rest of the Hellenic lands. One might as sensibly assume that the short, straight, doll-nose of the popular magazine covers of these days was the sort of nose that prevails among our young women. You know how seldom you see one of those magazine-cover girls in the flesh. Well, it was probably just as seldom that the ancient Greeks met a Grecian woman with the nose of the Venus de Milo or any of the other statuary ladies that have made this nose famous.

The chief characteristic of the Greek nose is that there is a straight line from the forehead to the end of the nose. There is no ridge in the bridge of the nose between the eyes. Moreover, the Greek nose is fairly large, broad as well as long, and it sometimes is more than one-third the length of the face—a proportion that is usually taken as ideal.

Sometimes you will hear people say that the Greek nose shows artistic appreciation, an appreciation of the ideal, and all that sort of thing, and that this can be proved by the fact that the Greeks were the greatest artists and philosophers of their time. And that the Roman nose indicates action and power to command and organizing ability, and that this you can prove because the Romans were the greatest organizers and commanders of the world. But it is quite likely that there were as many Greek noses among the Romans as among the Greeks and that Roman noses were as usual in Athens as in Rome. The point is that the Romans were realists in art. They delighted more in depicting real men and women than in making idealized statues of the gods and goddesses. Therefore they made noses as they are and not as they thought they should be, and in Rome then as in England or our own country today, a remarkably large number of people who have done things whose features were thereforé worth immortalizing in marble or bronze had the so-called Roman type of nose.

But to get back to the Greek nose. It

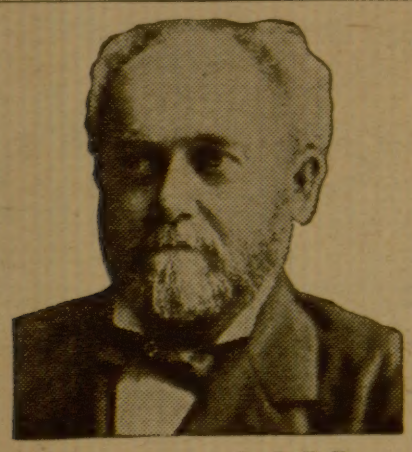
**The Grecian Nose.**

is said that the object of the Greek artist was to give the appearance of eternal youth. He therefore took as his ideal features those that were essentially youthful and masculine. Even when he was depicting Venus herself he carried in his mind this image of eternal youthfulness, the inspiration of which he derived in a measure from the proportions of the young boy. And even among us there is far more tendency to the Greek type of nose among young boys than among any one else. With age and the settling of the features comes the ridge in the arch of the nose that prevents a nose from being Greek.

Still, of course, you do find the Greek nose in the flesh. It was held in especially high regard by the Greeks because they had made it their ideal. And novelists and poets thruout the ages have occasionally sung its praises. Take Loti, for instance. He describes the heroine of his "An Iceland Fisherman" as having a short profile, and the "forehead continued with an absolutely straight line to the end of her nose, like those chiseled in Greek art."

Frederick the Great was one of the very few really great men who had a Grecian nose. Lavater, the famous student of physiognomy, wrote of him: "The forehead, which forms almost a straight and continued line with the nose, announces impatience against the human race and communicates the expression of it to the cheeks and lips."

**Next Week: The Small Mouth.**

## A Successful Man

Among the notable professional men of this country who achieved great success along strictly legitimate lines was Dr. R. V. Pierce. Devoting his attention to the specialty of women's diseases, he became a recognized authority in that line.

Over fifty years ago this noted physician gave to the world a Prescription which has never been equaled for the weaknesses of women. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found out what is naturally best for women's diseases. He learned it all thru treating thousands of cases. The result of his studies was a medicine called Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine is made of vegetable growths that nature surely intended for backache, headache, weakening pains, and for the many disorders common to women in all ages of life. Women who take this standard remedy know that in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription they are getting a safe woman's tonic so good that druggists everywhere sell it in both tablet and fluid form.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for trial pkg. Write for free medical advice.


## Something to Make Thinkers Think.

**Floral Word Deletions.**

228—1. Take a catalog from a flower, and leave a spice.
2. Take a vehicle from a flower, and leave a forbidden beverage.
3. Take a color from a flower, and leave wrongdoing.
4. Take a girl's name from a flower, and leave to purify.
5. Take a number from a flower, and leave advantage.
6. Take an idol from a flower, and leave to move swiftly.

**A Film Favorite.**

229—3-5 of a month.
1-6 of a color.
3-8 of a fish.
1-4 of a vegetable.
3-5 of a number.
1-7 of a country in Europe

**Word Square.**

230—My first is used in the winter
My second is not early.
My third is a volcano.
My fourth is a term of endearment.

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

**225—Enigma.**

Pennsylvania. Pan, eye, nine, Nelly, sin, Yale, Linn, vain, apple, Nile, isle, ale.

**226—Animal Diamonds.**

```
      T              C
    B—A—N          J—O—T
  T—A—P—I—R      C—O—N—E—Y
    N—I—P          T—E—N
      R              Y
```

**227—Floral Charade.**

Clematis, Mace, Late, Tale, Slim.

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**

## True Sympathy.

MACTAGGART, a canny Scot, went to a motion-picture show and sat down on the hat of the man next him.

"Get up! You're on my hat! Why don't you look before you sit down?" agonizingly cried the hat's owner.

MacTaggart arose and picked up the hat. "Ah, well," he remarked, gently, "it might have been worse."

"Worse!" exclaimed the wrathful one. "It's ruined, man! How could it possibly be worse?"

"It might hae been my ain," answered MacTaggart, thoughtfully.


# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS** of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

**INVEST $50 IN A SECURITY PAYING 4%** monthly dividends, with possibilities your $50 will become worth $1,000 to $2,000. For particulars write Navajo Refining Co., 1224 Busch Bldg., Dallas, Texas.

**THIRTEEN CENTS DAILY FOR 10** months buys outright five acres Texas oil and mineral land that may be worth $100,000. Write Gulf Realty Company, 310 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

**FREE MAP, MEXIA FIELD, LIMESTONE** County, Texas. Latest gusher field. Wonderful opportunity. Write for free map & information. Schimmel & Co., Suite 1403, Neil P. Anderson Bldg., Fort Worth, Texas.

**$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND** and interest in oil wells that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 633 First Nat'l. Bank, Houston, Texas.

**SEND $15 FOR A ONE THOUSAND ($1,000)** Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad 4% Gold Bond (interest defaulted); good for assets and exchanges. E. P. Schmidt & Co. (Established 1881), 7 Pine St., New York.

**SMALL SUM BUYS DEED TO OIL LAND** which might make you rich. Full details and map free. Commercial Land Co., 1004 Goggan Bldg., Houston, Texas.

**$100 ASSAY PER TON. GOLD. SILVER.** Other metal. Almost unlimited ore. Put your money to work. Particulars free. Donald, Box 2034, Miami, Ariz.

**WILL YOU STAKE $25 IN 10-ACRE OIL** lease? May mean $25,000 in few months. Large folder free. Walker, 4455a Sunset, Los Angeles, Calif.

### MEDICAL

**TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN.** If you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollett Ave., Minneapolis Minn.

**WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY** weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

**PILES AND CONSTIPATION QUICKLY** cured. Samples of best remedies free. Write Dr. Henrich, Specialist, 802a Chestnut, St. Louis.

**BOILS CURED—NO LANCING, USE FA**mous wonder salve, postpaid, 50 cents. S & P Mfg. Co., Menlo, Iowa.

**RATTLESNAKE OIL SURE CURE FOR** deafness, dryness and ringing in the head. Minnie G. Scruggs, Nezperce, Idaho.

### SONG POEMS WANTED

**SONGWRITERS! LEARN OF THE PUB**lic's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the opportunities greatly changed conditions offer new writers, obtainable only in our "Songwriters Manual & Guide," sent free. Submit your ideas for songs at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate publication or outright sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios, 306 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE** compose music and guarantee publication. Submit poems. Broadway Studios, 218 Fitzgerald Bldg., New York.

### PATENTS

**PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK.** Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**PATENTS SECURED. SUBMIT SKETCH OR** model of your invention for examination. Write for Record of Invention blank and valuable book, free. J. L. Jackson & Co., 313 Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

### FOR SALE

**TYPEWRITERS FOR SALE. REAL BAR**gains. Trial and payments. Write to Josephine Yotz, Shawnee, Kansas.

**ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE.** Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

### INVENTIONS

**INVENTIONS WANTED — CASH OR ROY**alty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

### PHOTOPLAY STORIES

**WANTED—MEN AND WOMEN AMBITIOUS** to make money writing stories and photoplays. Send for wonderful free book that tells how. Authors' Press, Dept. 164, Auburn, N. Y.

### DOGS

**HOUNDS, HOUNDS, FOR SALE. SPLENDID** coon and possum hounds, all ages, good size, either sex and number one hunters. Will sell one or more of these fine hounds. If interested, write for detail information. P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

### FARMS FOR SALE

**POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5** monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

**FORCED SALE. 200 ACRE FARM WORTH** $200.00 per acre. Will sacrifice for $100.00. For particulars, write Eureka Store, Hope, Ark.

### FARM WANTED

**WANTED—HEAR FROM OWNER FARM** for sale. Price, particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

### FARM LANDS

**BOOK OF FLORIDA FACTS FREE ONLY** to those really desirous of acquiring a little land and an orange grove at a reasonable price and on easy terms. If you are, write for your copy today to Lake County Land Owners' Ass'n., 278 Twilight Ave., Fruitland Park, Fla.

### MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

**LANDSEEKERS! ATTENTION! OPPORTU**nity awaits you in Michigan. Splendid 20, 40, 80 acre tracts only $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms to meet your circumstances. Investigate this offer. Write today for big illustrated booklet free. Swigart Land Co., X-1245, First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

### WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

**LANDOLOGY, FREE, SPECIAL NUMBER** just out, containing many facts of cloverland in Marinette County, Wisconsin. If for a home or an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, where farmers grow rich, send at once for this special number of Landology. It is free on request. Address Skidmore-Rhiele Land Co., 511 Skidmore-Rhiele Bldg., Marinette, Wisc.

### NEW MEXICO FARM LANDS FOR SALE

**A NEW FOLDER ABOUT THE NEW STATE** of New Mexico is now ready. Full information regarding crops raised and land cost in irrigated sections of Pecos and Rio Grande Valleys, also farm lands in the plains country. Close to good markets. Mild climate and long growing season. You can buy at reasonable prices on favorable terms. New Mexico is adapted to all the grain crops and especially the bright peagreen alfalfa which produces abundantly and tops the market. Truck farming pays well. The fruit raised here is prime quality; it brings excellent prices. Apples, pears, peaches, cantaloupes and small fruits thrive under irrigation. If you want land and a home get this folder and see New Mexico this fall. Write C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, A. T. & S. F. Ry., 982 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

### WOMEN'S SHOES

**FREE BOUDOIR SLIPPERS WITH EVERY** pair of ladies' grey, black, brown or patent leather with mat top, beautiful high grade shoes; have sold for $8.00 a pair. Send no money; order size and color. When they arrive pay postman $2.95. If you do not think they are a wonderful bargain return them, we will refund money. Turk Bros., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

### PETS

**SINGING CANARIES AND TALKING PAR**rots: Genuine St. Andreasburg rollers, $9.50; Hartz Mountain singers, $8.50; young birds not in full song, $3.50; Mexican double yellow head parrots, $10.00. Twenty other varieties. Ship anywhere. Send for free catalog. Sam Meyer, 3528 Flournoy St., Chicago, Ill.

### AUTOMOBILE TIRES

**AUTO OWNERS WANTED TO USE AND IN**troduce our new 6,000 and 10,000 mile guaranteed cord and fabric tires. Make big money, part or full time. Free tires for your car. Write quick for special agents offer and low wholesale prices. It will pay you to answer this little adv. now. Reliable Tire & Rubber Co., 35th St. & Michigan Ave., Dept. 140, Chicago, Ill.

### PHOTOPLAY STORIES WANTED

**AMBITIOUS WRITERS SEND TODAY FOR** free copy. America's leading magazine for writers of photoplays, stories, poems, songs. Instructive, helpful. Writer's Digest, 682 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

### SHORT STORIES WANTED

**WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANY**one for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers' League, 509, St. Louis.

### PHOTO FINISHING

**SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER; YOUR NEXT** kodak film developed 5c—prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 1891 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

### MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

**LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE** business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

### MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

**CARUSO SANG BEAUTIFUL. YOU CAN,** too, without lessons. Secret. $1.00. Ernest Meyer, 4112B Hartford, St. Louis, Mo.

### WATCHES—JEWELRY

**21 JEWEL WATCH $4.99! ALL MAKES** about half regular price. Agents wanted. List free. Rex Co., Andover, Ohio.

### AUTOMOBILES

**AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, GARAGEMEN,** mechanics, repairmen, send for free copy of our current issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy today. Automobile Digest, 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

### BICYCLE MOTORS

**DON'T BUY A BICYCLE MOTOR ATTACH**ment until you get our catalogue and prices. Shaw Mfg. Co., Dept. B, Galesburg, Kansas.

### TRICKS—GAMES

**MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODE**stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

### UNDERGROUND TREASURES

**UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND** where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

**Information--** The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

## SALESMEN WANTED

**STOCK SALESMEN WANTED—TOP COM**missions to producers. Your chance to clean up quick. Three producing wells; three wells drilling; 1 El Dorado; 2 Mexia Section. Advertising and cooperating campaign makes sales easy. Leads furnished. $2900 on $100 already paid investors with me. This looks like record winner. Our salesmen are cleaning up. Get option on territory while developments now going on. Don't answer unless you mean business and can deliver the goods. Henry H. Hoffman, Pres., Bluebird Oil Corporation, Dept. 102, Houston, Texas.

**EVERYBODY EATS EVERY DAY. YOU CAN** handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing, aluminum ware and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality; selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any bank or Express Co.

**FIVE LIVE PATENTED AUTO ACCESSO**ries. Oil gauge, windshield cleaner, hose clamp, etc. No investment. Big commissions. Address Sales Mgr., 214 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

## AGENTS WANTED

**WE WANT MEN AND WOMEN WHO ARE** desirous of making $25.00 to $200.00 per week clear profit from the start in a permanent business of their own. Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One hundred other uses in every home. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Fastest selling article ever sold through agents. Free samples make sales easy. 300% profit. Exclusive territory. We guarantee sale of every package. No capital or experience required. Baker, Ohio, made $600 last month. You can do as well. Send for free sample and proof. L. Mitchell & Co., Dept. 300, 1308-1314 E. 61st, Chicago, Ill.

**WANTED—AGENTS AND SALESMEN TO** handle Europe's Famous Wonder Glass, the newly imported Prism "Binoculette." For theater, hunting, yachting, races, touring, aviation, etc. This is the smallest, and of its size the most powerful glass in the world. Can be carried in vest pocket or ladies' bag. Retails at $25.00. Confidential wholesale price to agents $12.50. Send money with order to George Mayerle Optical Co., General Importers, established 1894, 960 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. (Send for catalog.)

**AGENTS: $60 A WEEK, GUARANTEED** hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and colors, including finest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over $2000 a year. Mrs. Schurman averages $60 a month working spare time. Geo. Noble made $35 in one day. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 511, Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS—WE WANT GOOD HONEST MEN** or women to represent us in your territory, taking orders for Liberty Guaranteed Raincoats. Brand new. Latest styles. Made in our own factory. No capital needed. We pay $6 a day taking orders. Pay you every day. Big opportunity for some one who will act quickly. Liberty Coat Co., 2213 Liberty Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

**TWENTY YEARS OF SQUARE DEALINGS** with our agents—We want an agent of good standing in your section, all or part time, to handle "Our Standard Remedy," for rheumatism, blood and kidney trouble. No money needed. Must send references. Write today for particulars. Address Standard Med. Society, Dept. C, Baltimore, Md.

**AGENTS: HERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN** sell to every housewife. Most useful household article made. Indispensable in every kitchen, restaurants or hotels. Tyler's Ideal Fibre Cutter tenders meat, chops vegetables, shaves ice, cleaves bones, scales fish, all in one. Low price, quick sales, big profit. Address now —M. H. Tyler Mfg. Co., Dept. B-1, Muncie, Ind.

**LIBERAL PROPOSITION FOR LIVE MEN** selling new products; removes iron rust, medicine, mildew, ink, grass and fruit stains. Bleaches clothes, cleans straw hats. Write for free sample today and start taking orders. C. H. Stuart & Co., 55 Broadway, Newark, New York.

**AGENTS—STEADY INCOME—LARGE MAN**ufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND** tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 500 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $155 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia, Penn.

**PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PIL**low tops, luminous crucifix, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, waterproof aprons, gold window letters. Lowest prices, prompt shipments, 30 days' credit. Samples, catalog, free. Jas. C. Bailey, Desk E-1, Chicago.

**AGENTS—SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORT**ed 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days. Profits, $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug, prepaid, $1.39. E. H. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR** our beautiful dress goods, silks and general yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of 1000 handsome fabric samples. Write today. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 573 Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S** Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Iowa.

**SALES AGENTS, MEN OR WOMEN. $200** a month. Year round position. No layoffs. Take orders for Jennings new style hosiery. Written guarantee of satisfaction or new hose free. Write for outfit. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Dayton, Ohio.

**WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISH**ing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

## AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

**AGENTS—BEST SELLER; JEM RUBBER** Repair for tires and tubes; supersedes vulcanization at a saving of over 500 per cent.; put it on cold, it vulcanizes itself in two minutes, and is guaranteed to last the life of the tire or tube; sells to every auto owner and accessory dealer. For particulars how to make big money and free sample, address Amazon Rubber Co., Philadelphia, Pa., Dept. 704.

**AGENTS—MAKE $50.00 A WEEK AND UP** in tailoring business. Get our big swatch sample outfit—119 powerful fast selling fabrics to retail at $23.00-$27.50, $34.50-$37.50 per suit. $15.00 to $20.00 cheaper than store prices—You keep $5.00 deposit on each sale—we deliver and collect balance. Write D. A. Kennedy, G, 202 S. Green St., Chicago, Ill.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECEIVE A BEAU**tiful 21 pc. genuine French ivory manicure set, 26 pc. Rogers silverware set, or elegant 21 jewel gentlemen's or ladies' wrist watch? Any of the above given free for only an hour of your spare time. Very easy and interesting. Write Weinman Bros., Memphis, Tenn.

**BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY** owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

**WORLD'S FASTEST AGENTS' SELLER.** 400% profit. Needed in every home, office and store. Establish permanent profitable business. Free sample. Premier Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

**AGENTS—ALL OR SPARE TIME. MAKE** $50 to $100 per week selling Custom Built Raincoats. Write for Free Sample Outfit and Free Raincoat Offer. The Custom Mfg. Company, Ashland, Ohio.

**SALES AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY** county to give all or spare time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 23 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

**MONEY MADE QUICKLY TAKING ORDERS** for portrait medallions. No investment required. No competition. Send for our 1922 illustrated catalogue and details. Pudlin & Goldstein, Dept. C, 259 Bowery, New York.

**AGENTS—1922's GREATEST SENSATION—** 11 piece toilet article set, selling like blazes at $1.75 with $1.00 dress maker's shears free to each customer. Line up with Davis for 1922. E. M. Davis Company, Dept. 409, Chicago.

**AGENTS: SEND NAME AND ADDRESS AND** get absolutely free box of Bassett's Native Herb Tablets. For constipation, indigestion, headache, rheumatism. Bassett's Native Herb Co., B-302, Columbus, Ohio.

**AGENTS: SOMETHING NEW. WIRELESS** guaranteed umbrella. Adjust new top in minute. Handles collapse to fit suitcase. Other features. Popular prices. Free sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 209 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

**EARN $60-$100 WEEKLY SELLING NEW** auto necessity, to avoid glaring headlights. Nothing like it; all autoists buy on sight. American Reflector Co., Dept. 50, Hammond, Ind.

**BE SUCCESSFUL AGENT—FREE SAMPLE** outfit, worth $2.25. "Quality" beauty preparations. Make big money. Extensive line. Established 50 years. Lynas Co., 220, Logansport, Ind.

**WE PAY $200 MONTHLY SALARY, FUR**nish rig and expenses to all who qualify introducing guaranteed poultry and stock powders. Bigler Company, X 520, Springfield, Illinois.

**LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS** agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

**WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES** and give a Ford auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D32, Parsons, Kan.

**WRITE FOR PARTICULARS; BEST AR**ticle ever offered men; costs 5c, sells quick for dollar; $15 daily; sworn statement. Beach, 22 Express Blk., San Diego, Cal.

**AGENTS — WONDERFUL SELLER, 96c** profit every dollar sales. License unnecessary. No stock to carry. Sample free. Mission Bead Co., Factory O, Los Angeles, Cal.

**A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN — MAKE** sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, O.

**WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—** Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 126 Olive, St. Louis.

**AGENTS—SIGNS FOR STORES AND OF**fices; entirely new; $50 week easily made. Chicago Sign System, D 150 W. Austin, Chicago.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**EASY MONEY SELLING TO COLORED** people. Write for our attractive proposition. Marcellene Chemical Company, 620 Main, Richmond, Va.

**350% PROFIT: QUICK, EASY SELLER.** Kleanrite, washes clothes without rubbing. Sample free. Bestever Products Co., 1947-K Irving Park, Chicago.

**AGENTS—MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING** dress shoes. From factory to wearer. No collections or delivery. Write for details. Marshall Shoe Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**AGENTS MAKE $1.50 ON EVERY SHIRT** order. From manufacturer to wearer. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863 3rd Ave., New York City.

**AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET AR**ticle plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 135 Locust, St. Louis.

**SOAP AGENTS: FREE SAMPLE MORGAN'S** Hygienic Vegetable Oil Soap and selling scheme. Morgan Supply Co., B-7, St. Louis, Mo.

**100 AGENTS WANTED TO TAKE OR**ders and distribute toilet goods. Richard Spencer, Martinsville, Va.

**REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREAT**est dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

## HELP WANTED

**MEN AND WOMEN—TO CALL ON COL**ored race everywhere, procure information, introducing merchandise; those who like to talk and can get all details of age, birthplace, when sick, etc., only need apply; spare time to begin, but have regular place for hustlers; pays well, according to abilities; color no objection. Write at once. Howells, Box 765, Birmingham, Ala.

**BECOME GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL** clerks. $133-$192 month. Steady. Men—boys, over 17. List Government positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 26, Rochester, N. Y.

**YOUNG MEN, WOMEN, OVER 17, DESIR**ing government positions, $130 monthly, write for free list of positions now open, J. Leonard (former Civil Service examiner), 1067 Equitable Bldg., Washington, D. C.

**$135 MONTH COMMENCE. U. S. GOVERN**ment railway mail clerks. Men, boys, over 17. Steady. Vacations. List positions free. Write today sure. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 26, Rochester, N. Y.

**EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS,** plating and refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, bedsteads. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 286 Fifth avenue, New York.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING** mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

## MALE HELP WANTED

**U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN—RAIL**way mail clerk "exam" soon. Let our expert (former Government Examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier, post office, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 642, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

**BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR:** $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid after 3 months' spare-time study. Splendid opportunities. Position guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

**LEARN SHOE REPAIRING AT HOME.** Good money in it. Our book of instruction teaches you every detail. Only $1 prepaid. American Bench Shoe Makers, Dep't 1, Aurora, Ill.

**BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPOR**tunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** electric motormen, conductors, sleeping car and train porters (colored). Railroads everywhere $140-$200. 686 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

**MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN**necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR**tunity. Travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

**MEN WANTED TO MAKE SECRET INVES**tigations and reports. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Gov't Detective, 100, St. Louis.

**BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY;** travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

**MEN WANTED TO QUALIFY FOR FIRE**men, brakemen, experience unnecessary. Transportation furnished. Write W. Boggess, 102 St. Louis.

**GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL** clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

**SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE** taught. Easy to learn, immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS** nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $250. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**BECOME RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $1600.** List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B6, Rochester, N. Y.

**GOV'T POSITIONS OPEN—MEN, WOMEN.** Honesty required; good pay to start. Write T. McCaffrey, St. Louis.

**WANTED MEN. BECOME AUTOMOBILE** experts. $35 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A404, Rochester, N. Y.

## FEMALE HELP WANTED

**LADIES WANTED, AND MEN, TOO, TO AD**dress envelopes and mail advertising matter at home for large mail order firms, spare or whole time. Can make $10 to $35 weekly. No capital or experience required. Book explaining everything mailed for 10c. to cover postage, etc. Ward Pub. Co., Tilton, N. H.

**EXCEPTIONAL OPENING. THOSE DESIR**ing plain sewing home. Any sewing machine. City-country. No canvassing. Steady. To prevent curiosity seekers send. 12 cents. Samples-information. Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

**WOMEN—GIRLS, LEARN GOWN DESIGN**ing. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. B 505, Rochester, N. Y.

**HELP WANTED.**

**WOMEN-GIRLS, BECOME MILLINERY DE**signers. Earn $125 month. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. A-804, Rochester, N. Y.

**WANTED, WOMEN, $35 WEEK. EARN** while learning. Become dress designers. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 505, Rochester, N. Y.

**$6-$18 A DOZEN DECORATING PILLOW** tops at home; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 188, LaGrange, Ind.

## PERSONAL

**SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK,** run down condition should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

**MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS** to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

**MEN WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE** can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

**MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO**ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

**MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER** we cure chronic, nervous, kidney, bladder diseases. Why not have the best treatment? Book symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

**WOMEN — ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES.** No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

**ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS?** Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

**A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL**ist, brings his serial No. 1 on kidney and urinary diseases; valuable information; send today; postage 4c. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**MARRY FOR PROSPERITY, HAPPINESS.** Many wealthy. Best, most successful, quickest results; write, be convinced. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 753, San Francisco, Calif.

**SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-**Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

**NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PIC**tures and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

**ATTRACTIVE BUSINESS GIRL, 20, WORTH** $40,000. Wants kind, helping husband. Write quick for standing picture and description. Box 223, Los Angeles, Calif.

**LONESOME WIDOW, OWNS GOOD FARM** and has means. Wishes to correspond with view to matrimony. Mrs. Campbell, Box 94, Los Angeles, California.

**MARRY, BEST, LARGEST, ESTABLISHED** 16 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

**LONESOME? HUNDREDS SEEKING MAT**rimony. Write today for free information, enclosing stamp. Harmony Club, 944 Montana St., Chicago.

**MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER";** hundreds rich, confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

**CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANT**ing introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

**MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DE**scriptions and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

**IF LONELY, WRITE BETTY LEE, 28 EAST** Bay street, Room 19, Jacksonville, Florida. Stamp.

**CHICAGO FRIENDSHIP CLUB, 2928 BROAD**way, Chicago, Ill. Get acquainted and marry well; send stamped envelope.

**HAVE TRUE FRIENDS EVERYWHERE.** receive postcards, letters, pictures, trial 10c. Evergreen Magazine, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**MARRY—MANY WEALTHY MEMBERS.** Send no money. New Plan Club, Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

**GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PA**per published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**MARRIAGE PAPER FREE: BEST PUBLI**cation for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

**BEAUTIFUL ORPHAN GIRL, VERY** wealthy, will marry. Box 691, Burlington, N. C.

**RICH YOUNG WIDOW; AFFECTIONATE;** pretty. Would marry. Suite Eleven, 10602 Saint Clair, Cleveland, Ohio.

**IF WEALTHY LOVING WIFE IS WANTED,** write, enclosing stamped envelope. Violet Rays, Dennison, Ohio.

**RANCHER, WORTH $96,000, WANTS WIFE.** Ladies, write. (J-W) Club, Cimarron, Kansas.

**MARRIAGE PAPER — PHOTOS, DESCRIP**tions, many rich, want to marry. Free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

**MARRY, JOIN MERRY CIRCLE, PARTIC**ulars free. Friendship Circle, Tallahassee, Fla.

**MARRY RICH—PAPER WITH 275 NAMES,** addresses, descriptions, also pictures, 25c. Box 2317, Boston, Mass.

**WIDOWER, 48, HAS $50,000, WANTS TO** marry. G-Box 432, League, Columbus, Ohio.

**BEAUTIFUL, RICH, YOUNG LADY WANTS** husband. H-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

**PRETTY GIRLIE, JUST 19, WORTH $8,000.** Write. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

# How Many Pounds Would You Like To Gain in a Week?

## Amazing New Scientific Discovery of Vitamines Quickly Builds Up Thin Scrawny Figures—Clears Muddy, Blotched, Pimpled Complexions — Gives New Vigor to Tired, Worn Out People

## *Large Sample Sent Free To Anyone*

Vitamines—those mysterious substances recently discovered in certain foods—are now agreed, by the best scientific minds, to be primarily responsible for building firm flesh, keeping the skin healthy and producing vigor and vitality.

These precious, life-giving substances are rarely found in the average modern diet. This is because they are so easily destroyed by various methods of preparing food. Cooking, canning, drying, milling, pasteurizing and various other processes either neutralize the vitamines or destroy them.

This lack of vitamines in the daily food causes nervousness, loss of weight, low vitality, headaches and many of the so-called deficiency diseases, such as skin eruptions, emaciation, rickets, scurvy and pellagra.

Alexander Vitamines (guaranteed to contain no drugs) are vitamine extracts from a wide range of foods impossible to secure through the ordinary diet. Alexander Vitamines contain all the vitamines known to science, the Fat Soluble A. Water Soluble B and Water Soluble C. They are recommended by physicians and are not to be confused with yeast tablets and similar products on the market today which contain drugs.

Thin? How would you like to be able to look into a mirror and see yourself with a trim, well-rounded figure?

## Quick Results—No Drugs, Dieting, or Exercises

When you start taking Alexander Vitamines with your regular food, your improvement is amazing in its rapidity. Within a few days the emaciated, scrawny figures begin to fill out—bony angles and ugly hollows disappear. There are many people today with handsome features who are unattractive because of ugly hollows and bones that show. Alexander Vitamines build firm flesh to smooth these places over.

Your weight quickly becomes what it should, according to your height. The ugly, flabby, useless tissues become firm flesh and muscle. Your complexion clears almost as if by magic—facial eruptions go and a natural color comes to your cheeks. New vigor is felt,—the daily tasks become a pleasure instead of a dragging burden—there is a real enjoyment in life.

If you have little appetite for food now, you will be amazed to see how you enjoy your meals after you add Alexander Vitamines. Your food is converted into rich, red blood and firm, muscular tissues. It is important to note that any constipation is quickly and permanently relieved in this simple, natural way.

Alexander Vitamines are not a drug in any sense, yet they do what drugs cannot do. They are pure vitamines—including all of the three essential vitamine types—and are highly concentrated. A few grains taken with each meal will soon convince you that vitamines are truly Nature's way to beauty, health and vigor. No medicine, dieting or exercises are necessary.

## A Trim, Rounded Figure A Beautiful Complexion

Both health and beauty are essential to the full enjoyment of life. While building up your health, Alexander Vitamines—in a perfectly natural way—will also develop your natural charms to the fullest.

Under the mysterious influence of these newly discovered substances, pimples, acne, blackheads and other blemishes quickly disappear and the skin becomes healthy, velvety and beautifully tinted. With Alexander Vitamines, you can make your figure conform perfectly to Nature's proportions. You can build it up if it is scrawny, or you can reduce if you are burdened with superfluous flesh.

Alexander Vitamines are the drugless, natural way to that "beauty from within" which is the true beauty. Dispense with your cosmetics, creams and "tissue foods" and give Nature a chance.

## Read What Users Say

### Gained 3½ Pounds in 4 Days.

"I gained 3½ pounds the first four days I took Alexander Vitamines and am still gaining steadily. I have now increased my weight 9½ pounds and feel like a different person. I am still using Alexander Vitamines and advising all my thin and ailing friends to do likewise."
A. R. BREUER, Kansas City, Mo.

### Gains 8 Pounds Quickly.

"Alexander Vitamines have increased my weight 8 pounds and done wonders for my complexion. I am going to keep on taking them, for they are the first thing I ever tried that would put weight on me, and I had tried everything I read about. I feel better, too, since taking the Vitamines, and can do more work. I would advise every scrawny, nervous woman to take Alexander Vitamines."
MRS. M. R. ROBY, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Now I have a wonderful appetite and am gaining every day. I have new energy."
MRS. J. N. FULTS, Chattanooga, Tenn.

"Your Vitamines are improving my health and weight. I recommend them."
CORA MILLER, Hopkinsville, Ky.

"I am thankful to have found a way to gain weight. I have gained eight pounds and feel wonderful."
MRS. LILLIAN ASHCRAFT, Tulin, Mo.

"Alexander Vitamines have made me feel like a new woman. My appetite is wonderful and am gaining every day."
MRS. LAWRENCE NIEDLING, Egypt Mills, Mo.

## You Need Not Be Thin, Scrawny and Lifeless

If you are skinny and scrawny, if your flesh is flabby, if your tissues are shrunken or undeveloped, you are a victim of "vitamine starvation." You CAN weigh what you SHOULD. Alexander Vitamines will quickly bring your weight up to normal, fill out the hollows and make the wasted parts plump and firm.

If you are "half-alive," always tired or lacking in vigor and vitality, Alexander Vitamines will supply the energizing, invigorating elements for which your starved system is calling. Now that this amazing scientific discovery opens the gates to health and vigor, nobody should be content with less than abundant energy—physical and mental.

Start taking Alexander Vitamines today. Then weigh yourself and let the scales give you, week by week, positive evidence of the gains you are making. Your weight indicates your health. If you are underweight, your health is not what it should be, even if you feel all right. Give Alexander Vitamines a trial and feel better, know what it is to be really WELL.

## SAMPLE FREE Just Send the Coupon

I want everyone to have an opportunity to try Alexander Vitamines at home ABSOLUTELY FREE. To quickly introduce these wonderful health and beauty builders in a million more homes, I will send a generous sample package free to anyone who will write for it. DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY—I want to make it plain that this sample does not cost a cent, nor does it put you under any obligation whatever. Just send me your name and address—a post-card will do if you wish—and the sample will be mailed postpaid and absolutely FREE. Don't put this off—write for it today.

**E. R. Alexander, Pres.**

**ALEXANDER LABORATORIES : : 1063 Gateway Station KANSAS CITY, MO.**

## Cut This Out and Mail It Today

**E. R. Alexander, Pres., ALEXANDER LABORATORIES**
**1063 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.**

Please send me the free sample package of Alexander Vitamines. It is understood that this trial package is to cost me nothing and that this request puts me under no obligation whatever.

Name.....

Full Address.....

.....

(Please write plainly)